

THE CONCEPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

[We copy from the *New York Courier and Enquirer* a wonderful letter from Alexander Hamilton, and an admirable preface by the editor of that paper. This invaluable letter has a special bearing upon some of our present troubles. See to what a condition the disciples of Jefferson in some of the Southern States, and their zealous nullifying associates in the North, are striving to restore us! In our opinion, the man who, *being sane*, endeavors to destroy the Constitution and break up the Union, is guilty of a sin to which that of mere murder is comparatively light.]

WITH the solitary exception of that of WASHINGTON, there is no name, connected with the early history of our country, entitled to the same respect and reverence as that of ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Whether we look at him as the aid and companion of Washington during the war of revolution; his friend and counsellor in the gloomiest period of that struggle, and the early, earnest and consistent advocate of enlarged powers to Congress, and energetic action by that body; or whether we reflect upon the influence he exercised in originating the present government, the labors of his pen in subsequently causing it to be adopted, and the all-important part he played in getting the ship of state safely under way and steadily directed to that haven which has brought about the unparalleled prosperity we now enjoy—his services and his character alike command our gratitude and respect.

As we become further removed from the period in which the heroes, patriots and sages of the Revolution and the subsequent establishment of our present government figured, the more capable we are of judging of their motives as well as their actions. Contemporaneous history is never faithful, because it can never be impartial. And it is as dangerous to rely upon the historian too far removed from the period of time in relation to which he writes, as it is to trust to those who were contemporaneous with the period, and necessarily influenced by the partialities and prejudices inseparable from all contemporaneous history. It is impossible to determine precisely what period is most favorable to an impartial, and, at the same time, accurate history of the past; but we believe it is generally conceded that biographies of men written half a century after their decease may be considered most faithful, because the biographer has the double advantage of accuracy with regard to events, and deliberations in regard to the judgment which posterity should form of them.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since the death of Hamilton; but, unfortunately for our country, he died young, and too many of his contemporaries are still among us, or their immediate descendants are too fully imbued with the spirit of the times in which he lived, to permit such a history of his life to be prepared, as must ultimately become one of the richest treasures which that eventful period will have furnished our country. When the passions and prejudices and jealousies of the period shall have passed away, the lives of those who achieved our independence, and framed for us our

admirable constitution, and moulded to it the practice of the new government, will constitute a rich legacy to their descendants; which, properly improved, cannot fail to serve as beacon lights by which future statesmen may safely guide their footsteps. And prominent among those truthful biographies of the revolutionary period—second only in light and beauty and grandeur to that of the *Pater Patria* itself—will stand the life and services of Alexander Hamilton. Illustrated by his own pen in expounding the principles of our constitution, and connected by his acts in giving life and reality to that instrument, by reducing to practice its beautiful theory, it cannot fail to be as valuable to future generations as it will assuredly be interesting and instructive to every statesman who desires to adhere to the great landmarks which have been so clearly defined, and adherence to which has produced such noble fruits. The time will arrive when the admirers of Hamilton and his patriot co-laborers will justly attribute to the influence he and they exercised in giving to our government its start under the new constitution, nearly as much importance as to the constitution itself. To the exposition of the principles of the constitution, as set forth in the *Federalist*, and to the *practice* which Washington and Hamilton introduced, we may justly attribute the healthful action of that noble instrument, and the inappreciable blessings it has conferred upon our country, and upon mankind. And valuable as were the services of Hamilton during the Revolution—zealous as were his labors in getting rid of the Confederacy by the substitution of our existing Union—and inestimable as were his labors in bringing order out of chaos—we feel that we owe him a deeper debt of gratitude for the manner in which he launched the ship of State, and safely steered her through the rocks and shoals of the period into deep water, and left her with favorable winds and belying sails in that track which was certain to bring her to the haven to which she was destined, than for all the other acts of his life. That was the crowning act of his brilliant and useful career; and fully to appreciate it, we need but ask ourselves what our government would have been if Jefferson and his associates, instead of Washington, Hamilton, and their friends, had first administered the government under our existing constitution? We mean no disrespect to Mr. Jefferson, nor would we for an instant question his patriotism;—but regard for truth, and a conviction how necessary it is that the rising generation should know the truth of our own history as *it is*, compel us to say, that if Jefferson, with his French notions of democracy and republicanism—his philosophical theories and his irreligious opinions—his declarations of the universal equality of man from the cradle to the tomb, with his practice in direct hostility to it—had been the first president, and possessed the power of shaping the future action of our government under our present constitution, we should at this moment have been pretty much in the situation of the South American republics—without the happiness, the prosperity, the stability and the power, which claim for us the admiration and respect of the civilized world.

These reflections are the consequences of our having been enabled to place before our readers this morning one of the most extraordinary papers from the pen of Alexander Hamilton which has ever seen the light. Hamilton was born, as our readers are aware, on the 11th January, 1757; this document bears date 1780, and was written to the Hon. James Duane—a very prominent Republican of this State, who at that period was a member of what is now denominated the "Old Congress;" that is, the Congress of the Confederation. Hamilton, of course, was only twenty-three years of age at the time this letter was written; and upon its face it bears evidence that it was never copied, but was a hastily prepared document, written in camp, in the midst of an active campaign, and when discharging the duties of private secretary and aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief. Yet there, in that hastily written letter of the boy-man, we have not only the clearest and most convincing demonstration of the absolute necessity of a change in the government, through the action of a convention of all the States; but there we have also, years before that convention met, the foreshadowing of what it should do—the details of what was required—and, in short, that identical constitution which in 1789 the convention framed, and under which our beloved country has steadily progressed in prosperity and power, until nothing is left for us to desire, except a continuance, under God, of the inestimable blessings we enjoy.

We ask the reader to compare this letter of 1780, and its description of what the powers of the new government should be, with the provisions of our admirable constitution; and he will at once perceive that the labors of the convention of 1789 were nothing more than an embodying and arranging of the work cut out for them by a boy in camp, several years before! Every grant of power, almost without a solitary exception, which Hamilton urged should be made by the States to the new government, was made; and that, too, in a manner which clearly proves who it was that controlled the convention—whose genius and whose spirit it was which led the minds of that assemblage of patriots to the adoption of those admirable provisions which have rendered us a happy and prosperous people, as well as a great and powerful nation. And it will not escape the careful reader, that in sketching what the government should be, he expressly provided for "a coercive Union." We would especially invite the attention of South Carolina to this fact; and it will be prudent, at least, for Vermont to bear it in mind.

Then, again, read what Hamilton said, in 1780, of the necessity of preparing the minds of the people to receive favorably the deliberations of the convention, "by sensible and popular writings," and compare this prediction with what he and Madison and Jay did, in making the constitution acceptable through their numbers of the *Federalist*!

In short, he not only faithfully depicted the evils of the Confederation and the necessity of a "coercive Union," with national powers; but he pointed out, in 1780, specifically what that Union should be, what the provisions of its constitution, the precise grant of powers by the States, and the mode of making such a strong National government acceptable to the people. It is, indeed, a wonderful letter from any source—containing what we have heretofore looked upon as the collective wisdom of all the great minds of that eventful period. But it is doubly wonderful, that it should have emanated

from a boy of twenty-three; and that too, some years before the time had arrived when the country could be induced to embrace its wisdom.

We have neither space nor time to indulge in the reflections to which this extraordinary document gives rise; nor can we pause to point out the wonderful knowledge of men and events which it exhibits; but we cannot be mistaken in saying that here we have the origin of our glorious constitution, and that Alexander Hamilton was emphatically the author and father of that imperishable instrument.

A LETTER OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S.

DEAR SIR:—Agreeable to your request and my promise, I sit down to give you my ideas of the defects of our present system, and the changes necessary to save us from ruin. They may, perhaps, be the reveries of a projector, rather than the sober views of a politician. You will judge of them, and make what use you please of them.

The fundamental defect is a want of power in Congress. It is hardly worth while to show in what this consists, as it seems to be universally acknowledged; or to point out how it has happened, as the only question is how to remedy it. It may, however, be said that it has originated from three causes: an excess of the spirit of liberty, which has made the particular States show a jealousy of all power not in their own hands, and this jealousy has led them to exercise a right of judging in the last resort of the measures recommended by Congress, and of acting according to their own opinions of their propriety or necessity; a diffidence, in Congress, of their own powers, by which they have been timid and indecisive in their resolutions, constantly making concessions to the States, till they have scarcely left themselves the shadow of power; a want of sufficient means at their disposal to answer the public exigencies, and of vigor to draw forth those means, which have occasioned them to depend on the States individually, to fulfil their engagements with the army—the consequences of which have been to ruin their influence and credit with the army, to establish its dependence on each State separately, rather than on them, that is, rather than on the whole collectively.

It may be pleaded that Congress had never any definitive powers granted them, and, of course, could exercise none, could do nothing more than recommend. The manner in which Congress was appointed would warrant, and the public good required, that they should have considered themselves as vested with full power to preserve the republic from harm. They have done many of the highest acts of sovereignty, which were always cheerfully submitted to. The declaration of independence; the declaration of war; the levying an army; creating a navy; emitting money; making alliances with foreign powers; appointing a dictator, &c., &c.,—all these implications of a complete sovereignty were never disputed, and ought to have been a standard for the whole conduct of administration. Undefined powers are discretionary powers, limited only by the object for which they were given; in the present case, the independence and freedom of America. The Confederation made no difference; for, as it has not been generally adopted, it had no operation. But, from what I recollect of it, Congress have even descended from the authority which the spirit of that act gives them, while the particular States have not further attended to it than as it suited their pretensions and convenience. It would

take too much time to enter into particular instances, each of which, separately, might appear inconsiderable, but united are of serious import. I only mean to remark, not to censure.

But the Confederation itself is defective and requires to be altered. It is neither fit for war nor peace. The idea of an uncontrollable sovereignty in each State, over its internal police, will defeat the other powers given to Congress, and make our Union feeble and precarious. There are instances without number, where acts necessary for the general good, and which rise out of the powers given to Congress, must interfere with the internal police of the States; and there are as many instances in which the particular States, by arrangements of internal police, can effectually, though indirectly, counteract the arrangements of Congress. You have already had examples of this, for which I refer you to your own memory.

The Confederation gives the States, individually, too much influence in the affairs of the army. They should have nothing to do with it. The entire formation and disposal of our military forces ought to belong to Congress. It is an essential cement of the Union; and it ought to be the policy of Congress to destroy all ideas of state attachments in the army, and make it look up wholly to them. For this purpose all appointments, promotions, and provisions whatsoever, ought to be made by them. It may be apprehended that this may be dangerous to liberty; but nothing appears more evident to me than that we run much greater risk of having a weak and disunited federal government, than one which will be able to usurp upon the rights of the people. Already some of the lines of the army would obey their States in opposition to Congress, notwithstanding the pains we have taken to preserve the unity of the army. If anything would hinder this, it would be the personal influence of the general; a melancholy and mortifying consideration.

The forms of our State constitutions must always give them great weight in our affairs, and will make it too difficult to bend them to the pursuit of a common interest; too easy to oppose whatever they do not like, and to form partial combinations subversive of the general one. There is a wide difference between our situation and that of an empire under one simple form of government, distributed into counties, provinces, or districts, which have no legislature, but merely magistral bodies, to execute the laws of a common sovereign. Here the danger is that the sovereign will have too much power, and oppress the parts of which it is composed. In our case—that of an empire composed of confederated states, each with a government completely organized within itself, having all the means to draw its subjects to a close dependence on itself—the danger is directly the reverse. It is that the common sovereign will not have power sufficient to unite the different members together, and direct the common sources to the interest and happiness of the whole.

The leagues among the old Grecian republics are a proof of this. They were continually at war with each other; and, for want of union, fell a prey to their neighbors. They frequently held general councils; but their resolutions were no further observed than as they suited the interests and inclinations of all the parties; and, at length, they sunk entirely into contempt.

The Swiss cantons are another proof of the doctrine. They have had wars with each other, which

would have been fatal to them, had not the different powers in their neighborhood been too jealous of one another, and too equally matched to suffer either to take advantage of their quarrels. That they have remained so long united at all is to be attributed to their weakness, to their poverty, and to the cause just mentioned. These ties will not exist in America; a little time hence, some of the States will be powerful empires; and we are so remote from other nations that we shall have all the leisure and opportunity we can wish to cut each other's throats.

The Germanic Corps might also be cited as an example in favor of the position.

The United Provinces may be thought to be one against it. But the family of the Stadtholders, whose authority is interwoven with the whole government, has been a strong link of union between them. Their physical necessities, and the habits founded upon them, have contributed to it. Each province is too inconsiderable, by itself, to undertake anything. An analysis of their present constitutions would show that they have many ties which would not exist in ours; and that they are by no means a model for us.

Our own experience should satisfy us. We have felt the difficulty of drawing out the resources of the country, and inducing the States to combine in equal exertions for the common cause. The ill-success of our late attempt is striking. Some have done a great deal; others little, or scarcely anything. The disputes about boundaries, &c., testify how flattering a prospect we have of future tranquility, if we do not frame, in time, a confederacy capable of deciding the differences, and compelling the obedience of the respective members.

The Confederation, too, gives the power of the purse too entirely to the State legislatures. It should provide perpetual funds, in the disposal of Congress, by a land tax, poll tax, or the like. All imposts upon commerce ought to be laid by Congress, and appropriated to their use; for without certain revenues a government can have no power. That power which holds the purse-strings absolutely, must rule. This seems to be a medium, which, without making Congress altogether independent, will tend to give reality to its authority.

Another defect in our system is want of method and energy in the administration. This has partly resulted from the other defect; but in a great degree from prejudice, and the want of a proper executive. Congress have kept the power too much in their own hands, and have meddled too much with details of every sort. Congress is, properly, a deliberative corps; and it forgets itself when it attempts to play the executive. It is impossible such a body, numerous as it is, constantly fluctuating, can ever act with sufficient decision, or with system. Two thirds of the members, one half the time, cannot know what has gone before them, or what connection the subject in hand has to what has been transacted on former occasions. The members who have been more permanent, will only give information that promotes the side they espouse, in the present case, and will as often mislead as enlighten. The variety of business must distract; and the proneness of every assembly to debate must at all times delay.

Lately Congress, convinced of these inconveniences, have gone into the measure of appointing boards. But this is in my opinion a bad plan. A single man, in each department of the administration, would be greatly preferable. It would give us a chance of more knowledge, more activity, more re-

sponsibility, and of course more zeal and attention. Boards partake of a part of the inconveniences of larger assemblies. Their decisions are slower, their energy less, their responsibility more diffused. They will not have the same abilities and knowledge as an administration by single men. Men of the first pretensions will not so readily engage in them; because they will be less conspicuous, of less importance, have less opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The members of boards will take less pains to inform themselves and arrive to eminence, because they have fewer motives to do it. All these reasons conspire to give a preference to the plan of vesting the great executive department of the State in the hands of individuals. As these men will be, of course, at all times under the direction of Congress, we shall blend the advantages of a monarchy and republic in our constitution.

A question has been made whether single men could be found to undertake these offices. I think they could; because there would be then everything to excite the ambition of candidates. But in order to this, Congress, by their manner of appointing them, and the line of duty marked out, must show that they are in earnest in making these officers of real trust and importance.

I fear a little vanity has stood in the way of these arrangements, as though they would lessen the importance of Congress, and leave them nothing to do. But they would have precisely the same rights and powers as heretofore; happily disencumbered of the detail. They would have to inspect the conduct of their ministers, deliberate upon their plans, originate others for the public good, only observing this rule—that they ought to consult their ministers, and get all the information and advice they could from them, before they entered into any new measures, or made changes in the old.

A third defect is the fluctuating constitution of our army. This has been a pregnant source of evil; all our military misfortunes—three fourths of our civil embarrassments—are to be ascribed to it. The General has so fully enumerated the mischiefs of it in a late letter of the —, to Congress, that I could only repeat what he has said, and will, therefore, refer you to that letter.

The imperfect and unequal provision made for the army is a fourth defect, which you will find delineated in the same letter. Without a speedy change the army must dissolve. It is now a mob, rather than an army; without clothing, without pay, without provisions, without morals, without discipline. We begin to hate the country for its neglect of us—the country begin to hate us for our oppressions of them. Congress have long been jealous of us. We have now lost all confidence in them, and give the worst construction to all they do. Held together by the slenderest ties, we are ripening for a dissolution.

The present mode of supplying the army by State purchases is not one of the least considerable defects of our system. It is too precarious a dependence; because the States will never be sufficiently impressed with our necessities. Each will make its own case a primary object. The variety of channels through which the business is transacted will multiply the number of persons employed, and the opportunities of embezzling public money. From the popular spirit on which most of the governments turn, the State agents will be men of less character and ability; nor will there be so rigid a responsibility among them, as there might easily

be among those in the employ of the continent; of course, not so much diligence, care, or economy. Very little of the money raised in the several States will go into the continental treasury, on pretence that it is all exhausted in providing the quotas of supplies; and the public will be without funds for the other demands of government. The expense will be ultimately much greater, and the advantages much smaller. We actually feel the insufficiency of this plan; and have reason to dread, under it, a ruinous extremity of want.

These are the principal defects in the present system that now occur to me. There are many inferior ones, in the organization of particular departments, and many errors of administration, which might be pointed out; but the task would be troublesome and tedious; and if we had once remedied those I have mentioned, the others would not be attended with much difficulty. I shall now propose the remedies which appear to me applicable to our circumstances, and necessary to extricate our affairs from their present deplorable situation.

The first step must be to give Congress powers competent to the public exigencies. This may happen in two ways: one, by resuming and exercising the discretionary powers I suppose to have been originally vested in them, for the safety of the States, and resting their conduct on the candor of their countrymen, and the necessity of the conjuncture; the other, by calling immediately a convention of all the States, with full authority to conclude finally upon a general confederation—stating to them, beforehand, explicitly, the evils arising from a want of power in Congress, and the impossibility of supporting the contest on its present footing, that the delegates may come, possessed of proper sentiments, as well as proper authority, to give efficacy to the meeting. Their commission should include a right of vesting Congress with the whole, or a proportion, of the unoccupied lands, to be employed for the purpose of raising a revenue—reserving the jurisdiction to the States by whom they are granted.

The first plan, I expect, will be thought too bold an expedient by the generality of Congress; and, indeed, their practice hitherto has so riveted the opinion of their want of powers, that the success of this experiment may very well be doubted.

I see no objection to the other mode that has any weight in competition with the reasons for it. The convention should assemble the 1st of November next; the sooner the better. Our disorders are too violent to admit of a common or lingering remedy. The reasons for which I require them to be vested with plenipotentiary authority are that the business may suffer no delay in the execution, and may in reality come to effect. A convention may agree upon a confederation; the States, individually, hardly ever will. We must have one, at all events, and a vigorous one, if we mean to succeed in the contest, and be happy hereafter. As I said before, to engage the States to comply with this mode, Congress ought to confess to them, plainly and unanimously, the impracticability of supporting our affairs on the present footing, and without a solid coercive union. I ask that the convention should have a power of vesting the whole, or a part, of the unoccupied lands in Congress; because it is necessary that that body should have some property as a fund for the arrangements of finance; and I know of no other kind that can be given them.

The Confederation, in my opinion, should give

Congress complete sovereignty, except as to that part of internal police, which relates to the rights of property and life among individuals, and to raising money by internal taxes. It is necessary that everything belonging to this should be regulated by the State legislatures. Congress should have complete sovereignty in all that relates to war, peace, trade, finance, and to the management of foreign affairs, the right of declaring war, of raising armies, officering them, paying them, directing their motions in every respect—of equipping fleets and doing the same with them, of building fortifications, arsenals, magazines, &c., &c.—of making peace on such conditions as they think proper—of regulating trade, determining with what countries it shall be carried on—granting indulgencies, laying prohibitions on all the articles of export or import—imposing duties, granting bounties and premiums for raising, exporting or importing, and applying to their own use the product of these duties, only giving credit to the States on whom they are raised, in the general account of revenues and expenses—instituting admiralty courts, &c.—of coining money—establishing banks on such terms and with such privileges as they think proper—appropriating funds, and doing whatever else relates to the operations of finance—transacting everything with foreign nations—making alliances, offensive and defensive, treaties of commerce, &c., &c.

The Confederation should provide certain perpetual revenues, productive, and easy of collection—a land tax, poll tax, or the like—which, together with the duties on trade, and the unlocated lands, would give Congress a substantial existence, and a stable foundation for their schemes of finance. What more supplies were necessary, should be occasionally demanded of the States, in their present mode of quotas.

The second step I would recommend is, that Congress should instantly appoint the following great officers of state. A Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a President of War, a President of Marine, a Financier, a President of Trade—instead of this last, a Board of Trade may be preferable, as the regulations of trade are slow and gradual, and require prudence and experience, (more than other qualities,) for which boards are very well adapted.

Congress should choose for these offices men of the first abilities, property and character in the continent; and such as have had the best opportunity of being acquainted with the several branches. General Schuyler, whom you mentioned, would make an excellent President of War; General McDougall a very good President of Marine. Mr. Robert Morris would have many things in his favor for the department of Finance. He could, by his own personal influence, give great weight to the measures he should adopt. I dare say men equally capable may be found for the other departments.

I know not if it would not be a good plan to let the financier be President of the Board of Trade; but he should only have a casting voice in determining questions there. There is a connection between trade and finance, which ought to make the director of one acquainted with the other; but the financier should not direct the affairs of trade, because, for the sake of acquiring a reputation by increasing the revenues, he might adopt measures that would depress trade. In what relates to finance, he should be alone.

These officers should have nearly the same powers and functions as those in France analogous

to them; and each should be chief in his department, with subordinate boards, composed of assistant clerks, &c., to execute his orders.

In my opinion, a plan of this kind would be of inconceivable utility to our affairs; its benefits would be very speedily felt. It would give new life and energy to the operations of government. Business would be conducted with despatch, method and system.

A million of abuses, now existing, would be corrected; and judicious plans would be formed and executed for the public good.

Another step, of immediate necessity, is, to recruit the army for the war, or at least for three years. This must be done by a mode similar to that which is practised in Sweden. There the inhabitants are thrown into classes of sixteen; and when the sovereign wants men, each of these classes must furnish one. They raise a fixed sum of money; and if one of the class is willing to become a soldier, he receives the money and offers himself a volunteer; if none is found to do this, a draft is made, and he on whom the lot falls receives the money, and is obliged to serve. The minds of the people are prepared for a thing of this kind; the heavy bounties they have been obliged to pay for men to serve a few months must have disgusted them with this mode, and made them desirous of another, that will, once for all, answer the public purposes, and obviate a repetition of the demand. It ought, by all means, to be attempted; and Congress should frame a general plan, and press the execution upon the States. When the Confederation comes to be framed, it ought to provide for this by a fundamental law; and hereafter there would be no doubt of the success.

But we cannot now wait for this. We want to replace the men whose time of service will expire the 1st of January; for then, without this, we shall have no army remaining, and the enemy may do what they please. The general, in his letter already quoted, has assigned the most substantial reasons for paying immediate attention to this point.

Congress should endeavor, both upon their credit in Europe, and by every possible exertion in this country, to provide clothing for their officers; and should abolish the whole system of State supplies. The making good the depreciation of the currency, and all other compensations to the army, should be immediately taken up by Congress, and not left to the States. If they would have the accounts of depreciation liquidated, and governmental certificates given for what is due, in specie, or an equivalent to specie, it would give satisfaction; appointing periodical settlements for future depreciation.

The placing the officers upon half pay during life would be a great stroke of policy, and would give Congress a stronger tie upon them than anything else they can do. No man that reflects a moment but will prefer a permanent provision of this kind to any temporary compensation. Nor is it opposed to economy; the difference between this and between what has already been done will be insignificant. The benefit of it to the widows should be confined to those whose husbands die during the war. As to the survivors, not more than one half, on the usual calculation of men's lives, will exceed the seven years for which the half pay is already established. Besides this, whatever may be the visionary speculations of some men at this time, we shall find it indispensable, after the war, to keep on foot a considerable body

of troops; and all the officers retained for this purpose must be deducted out of the half pay list. If any one will take the pains to calculate the expense on these principles, I am persuaded he will find the addition of expense, from the establishment proposed, by no means a national object.

The advantages of securing the attachment of the army to Congress, and binding them to the service by substantial ties, are immense. We should then have discipline; an army in reality as well as in name. Congress would then have a solid basis of authority and consequence; for, to me, it is an axiom that in our constitution an army is essential to the American Union.

The providing of supplies is the pivot of everything else, (though a well constituted army would not, in a small degree, conduce to this by giving consistency and weight to government.) There are four ways, all which must be united. A foreign loan; heavy pecuniary taxes; a tax in kind; a bank founded on public and private credit.

As to a foreign loan, I dare say Congress are doing everything in their power to obtain it. The most effectual way will be to tell France that without it we must make terms with Great Britain. This must be done with plainness and firmness, but with respect and without petulance; not as a menace, but as a candid declaration of our circumstances. We need not fear to be deserted by France. Her interest and honor are too deeply involved in our fate; and she can make no possible compromise. She can assist us, if she is convinced it is absolutely necessary, either by lending us herself, or by becoming our surety, or by influencing Spain. It has been to me astonishing how any man could have doubted, at any period of our affairs, of the necessity of a foreign loan. It was self-evident that we had not a fund of wealth in this country capable of affording revenues equal to the expenses. We must then create artificial revenues, or borrow. The first was done; but it ought to have been foreseen that the expedient could not last, and we should have provided in time for its failure.

Here was an error of Congress. I have good reason to believe that measures were not taken in earnest, early enough, to procure a loan abroad. I give you my honor, that, from our first outset, I thought as I do now, and wished for a foreign loan; not only because I foresaw it would be essential, but because I considered it as a tie upon the nation from which it was derived, and as a means to prop our cause in Europe.

Concerning the necessity of heavy pecuniary taxes I need say nothing, as it is a point in which everybody is agreed. Nor is there any danger that the product of any taxes, raised in this way, will overburthen the people, or exceed the wants of the public. Indeed, if all the paper in circulation were drawn annually into the treasury, it would neither do one nor the other.

As to a tax in kind, the necessity of it results from this principle; that the money in circulation is not a sufficient representative of the productions of the country; and, consequently, no revenues raised from it as a medium can be a competent representative of that part of the products of the country which it is bound to contribute to the support of the public. The public, therefore, to obtain its due, or satisfy its just demands and its wants, must call for a part of those products them-

selves. This is done in all those countries which are not commercial; in Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, &c., and is peculiarly necessary in our case.

Congress, in calling for specific supplies, seem to have had this in view; but their intention has not been answered. The States in general have undertaken to furnish the supplies by purchase; a mode, as I have observed, attended with every inconvenience, and subverting the principle on which the supplies were demanded—the insufficiency of our circulating medium as a representative for the labor and commodities of the country. It is therefore necessary that Congress should be more explicit; should form the outlines of a plan for a tax in kind, and recommend it to the States as a measure of absolute necessity.

The general idea I have of a plan is, that a respectable man should be appointed by the State, in each county, to collect the taxes and form magazines; that Congress should have in each State an officer to superintend the whole; and that the State collectors should be subordinate and responsible to them. This continental superintendent might be subject to the general direction of the Quarter Master General, or not, as might be deemed best; but, if not subject to him, he should be obliged to make monthly returns to the President at War, who should instruct him what proportion to deliver to the Quarter Master General.

It may be necessary that the superintendents should sometimes have power to dispose of the articles in their possession, on public account, for it would happen that the contributions, in places remote from the army, could not be transported to the theatre of operations without too great expense, in which case it would be eligible to dispose of them, and purchase, with the money so raised, in the countries near the immediate scene of war.

I know the objections which may be raised to this plan; its tendency to discourage industry, and the like. But necessity calls for it. We cannot proceed without it; and less evils must give place to greater. It is, besides, practised with success in other countries, and why not in this? It may be said that the examples cited are from nations under despotic governments; and that the same would not be practicable with us. But I contend, where the public good is evidently the object, more may be effected in governments like ours than in any other. It has been a constant remark, that free countries have ever paid the heaviest taxes. The obedience of a free people to general laws, however hard they bear, is even more perfect than that of slaves to the arbitrary will of a prince. To this may be added, that Sweden was always a free government, and is so now, in a great degree, notwithstanding the late revolution.

How far it may be practicable to erect a bank on the joint credit of the public and of individuals, can only be certainly determined by the experiment. But it is of so much importance, that the experiment ought to be fully tried. When I saw the subscriptions going on to the bank established for supplying the army, I was in hopes it was only the embryo of a more permanent and extensive establishment. But I have reason to believe I shall be disappointed. It does not seem to be at all conducted on the true principles of a bank. The directors of it are purchasing with their stock, instead of bank notes, as I expected; in consequence of which it must turn out to be a mere subscription

of a particular sum of money for a particular purpose.

Paper credit never was long supported in any country on a national scale, where it was not founded on the joint basis of public and private credit. An attempt to establish it on public credit alone, in France, under the auspices of Mr. Law, had nearly ruined the kingdom. We have seen the effects of it in America; and every successive experiment proves the futility of the attempt. Our new money is depreciating almost as fast as the old; though it has, in some States, as real funds as paper money ever had. The reason is, that the moneyed men have not an immediate interest to uphold its credit. They may even, in many ways, find it their interest to undermine it. The only certain manner to obtain a permanent paper credit is to engage the moneyed interest immediately in it, by making them contribute the whole or part of the stock, and giving them the whole or part of the profits.

The invention of banks, on the modern principle, originated in Venice. There the public and a company of moneyed men are mutually concerned. The Bank of England unites public authority and faith with private credit; and hence we see what a vast fabric of paper credit is raised on a visionary basis. Had it not been for this, England would never have found sufficient funds to carry on her wars; but, with the help of this, she has done, and is doing, wonders. The Bank of Amsterdam is on a similar foundation.

And why can we not have an American Bank? Are our moneyed men less enlightened to their own interest, or less enterprising in the pursuit? I believe the fault is in government, which does not exert itself to engage them in such a scheme. It is true the individuals in America are not very rich; but this would not prevent their instituting a bank; it would only prevent its being done with such ample funds as in other countries. Have they not sufficient confidence in the government, and in the issue of the cause? Let the government endeavor to inspire that confidence, by adopting the measures I have recommended, or others equivalent to them. Let it exert itself to procure a solid confederation; to establish a good plan of executive administration; to form a permanent military force; to obtain at all events a foreign loan. If these things were in a train of vigorous execution, it would give a new spring to our affairs, government would recover its respectability, and individuals would renounce their diffidence.

The object I should propose to myself, in the first instance, from a bank, would be an auxiliary mode of supplies, for which purpose contracts should be made between government and the bank on terms liberal and advantageous to the latter. Everything should be done, in the first instance, to encourage the bank. After it gets well established it will take care of itself, and government may make the best terms it can for itself.

The first step to establishing the bank will be to engage a number of moneyed men of influence to relish the project, and make it a business. The subscribers to that lately established are the fittest persons that can be found, and their plan may be interwoven.

The outlines of my plan would be to open subscriptions in all the States for the stock, which we will suppose to be one million of pounds; real property of every kind, as well as specie, should

be deemed good stock; but at least a fourth part of the subscription should be in specie, or plate. There should be one great company, in three divisions; in Virginia, Philadelphia, and at Boston, or two at Philadelphia and Boston. The bank should have a right to issue bank notes, bearing two per cent. interest, for the whole of their stock; but not to exceed it. These notes may be payable every three months, or oftener; and the faith of government must be pledged for the support of the bank. It must, therefore, have a right, from time to time, to inspect its operations, and must appoint inspectors for the purpose.

The advantages of the bank may consist in this: in the profits of the contracts made with government, which should bear interest to be annually paid in specie; in the loan of money at interest, say six per cent.; in purchasing lives by annuities, as practised in England, &c. The benefit resulting to the company is evident from the consideration that they may employ in circulation a great deal more money than they have specie in stock, on the credit of the real property which they will have in other use. This money will be employed either in fulfilling their contracts with the public, by which also they will gain a profit, or in loans at an advantageous interest, or in annuities.

The bank may be allowed to purchase plate and bullion, and coin money, allowing government a part of the profit. I make the bank notes bear interest to obtain a readier currency, and to induce the holders to prefer them to specie, to prevent too great a run upon the bank, at any time, beyond its ability to pay.

If government can obtain a foreign loan, it should lend to the bank, on easy terms, to extend its influence and facilitate a compliance with its engagements. If government could engage the States to raise a sum of money in specie, to be deposited in bank in the same manner, it would be of the greatest consequence. If government could prevail on the enthusiasm of the people to make a contribution in plate for the same purpose, it would be a master stroke. Things of this kind sometimes succeed in popular contests, and if undertaken with address, I should not despair of its success, but I should not be sanguine.

The bank may be instituted for a term of years, by way of trial, and the particular privilege of coining money be for a term still shorter. A temporary transfer of it to a particular company can have no inconvenience, as the government are in no condition to improve this resource; nor could it, in our circumstances, be an object to them; though, with the industry of a knot of individuals, it might be a valuable one to them.

A bank of this kind, even in its commencement, would answer the most valuable purposes to government and to the proprietors; in its progress, the advantages will exceed calculation. It will promote commerce, by furnishing a more extensive medium, which we greatly want in our circumstances—I mean a more extensive valuable medium. We have an enormous nominal one at this time, but it is only a name.

In the present unsettled state of things in this country, we can hardly draw inferences from what has happened in others; otherwise I should be certain of the success of this scheme; but I think it has enough in its favor to be worthy of trial. I have only skimmed the surface of the different subjects I have introduced.

Should the plans recommended come into contemplation in earnest, and you desire my further thoughts, I will endeavor to give them more form and particularity.

I am persuaded a solid confederation, a permanent army, a reasonable prospect of subsisting it, would give us treble consideration in Europe, and produce a peace this winter.

If a convention is called, the minds of all the States and the people ought to be prepared to receive its determinations by sensible and popular writings, which should conform to the views of Congress. There are epochs in human affairs when *novelty* even is useful. If a general opinion prevails that the old way is bad, whether true or false, and this obstructs or relaxes the operations of the public service, a change is necessary, if it be but for the sake of change. This is exactly the case now. It is a universal sentiment that our present system is a bad one, and that things do not go right on this account. The measure of a convention would revive the hopes of the people, and give a new direction to their passions, which may be improved in carrying points of substantial utility. The Eastern States have already pointed out this mode to Congress: they ought to take the hint and anticipate the others.

And in future, my dear sir, two things let me recommend, as fundamental rules for the conduct of Congress:—to attach the army to them by every motive; to maintain an air of authority (not domineering) in all their measures with the States. The manner in which a thing is done has more influence than is commonly imagined. Men are governed by opinions; this opinion is as much influenced by appearances as by realities. If a government appears to be confident of its own powers, it is the surest way to inspire the same confidence in others. If it is diffident, it may be certain there will be a still greater diffidence in others; and that its authority will not only be distrusted, controverted, but contemned.

I wish, too, Congress would always consider that a kindness consists as much in the manner as in the thing. The best things done hesitatingly, and with an ill-grace, lose their effect, and produce disgust rather than satisfaction or gratitude. In what Congress have at any time done for the army, they have commonly been too late. They have seemed to yield to importunity, rather than to sentiments of justice or to a regard to the accommodation of their troops. An attention to this idea is of more importance than it may be thought. I, who have seen all the workings and progress of the present discontents, am convinced that a want of this has not been among the most inconsiderable causes.

You will perceive, my dear sir, this letter is hastily written, and with a confidential freedom; not as to a member of Congress, whose feelings may be sore at the prevailing clamors, but as to a friend, who is in a situation to remedy public disorders, who wishes for nothing so much as truth, and who is desirous of information, even from those less capable of judging than himself.

I have not even time to correct and copy, and only enough to add, that

I am, very truly, and affectionately,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

A. HAMILTON.

Liberty Pole, Sept. 3, 1780.

From the Louisville Journal.

THE SURVIVING HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION TO THE DISUNIONISTS.

BY C. S. PERCIVAL.

THESE lines were suggested by the following occurrence: A company of disunionists, in one of the southern states, being on their way to a convention, overtook a revolutionary soldier, with whom they entered into conversation. On his inquiring their destination, they said, "We are going to a convention which is to devise means for dissolving the Union." The old man shook his head sorrowfully, and replied, "Wait a little while, till I am dead!"

Nor while our eyes behold

The goodly land for which in youth we bled,
Be its fair fields with ruin overspread—

We are but few and old,
And soon to slumber with the nameless dead.

Then oh, a while delay

To strike the fatal and the traitorous blow,
Which lays for aye our gallant eagle low,

Till we have passed away,
Nor seen, with dimming eyes our country's woe.

If then ye tire of peace

And the rare gifts that glorious eagle brings
To all our land, beneath his outspread wings,

Bid the blest Union cease,
While deep the knell for murdered freedom rings!

But ere beneath the rage

Of parricides our native country bleeds,
Blot out the record of our early deeds,

Lest haply that fair page,
With brutal scorn, some future tyrant reads.

Though it to heaven aspires,

Break down each pile of monumental stones,
Each towering form of marble and of bronze—

Lest statues of the sires
Elush for the deeds of their degenerate sons!

Give to the devouring flame

The painter's canvass and the poet's verse,
Which proudly did our gallant deeds rehearse.

Let not our blood-bought fame
Become a jest, a by-word and a curse.

When madly ye've destroyed

The noble work won by our youthful graves,
Leave us to sleep in unremembered graves—

Be not our dust annoyed
By the vile honors of ungrateful slaves!

Gallatin, Tenn., May 15, 1851.

AGE AND WISDOM.—"People always fancy," said Goethe, laughing, "that we must become old to become wise; but, in truth, as years advance, it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were. Man becomes, indeed, in the different stages of his life, a different being; but he cannot say that he is a better one, and, in certain matters, he is as likely to be right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year. We see the world one way from a plain, another way from the heights of a promontory, another from the glacier fields of the primary mountains. We see, from one of these points, a larger piece of world than from the other; but that is all, and we cannot say that we see more truly from any one than from the rest. When a writer leaves monuments on the different steps of his life, it is chiefly important that he should have an innate foundation and good-will; that he should, at each step, have seen and felt clearly, and that without any secondary aims he should have said distinctly and truly what has passed in his mind. Then will his writings, if they were right at the step where they originated, remain always right, however the writer may develop or alter himself at after times."—*Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann.*

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

INDICATIONS.

SPRING.

A BURSTING into greenness,
 A waking as from sleep,
 A twitter and a warble
 That make the pulses leap ;
 A sense of renovation,
 Of freshness and of health,
 A casting off of sordid fear,
 A carelessness of wealth.
 A watching, as in childhood,
 For the flowers that one by one
 Open their golden petals
 To woo the fitful sun ;
 A gush, a flash, a gurgle,
 A wish to shout and sing,
 As, filled with hope and gladness,
 We hail the vernal SPRING.

SUMMER.

A dreamy sound of waters
 Falling, ever falling !
 Voices of sweet song-birds
 To each other calling ;
 Flowers all rainbow-tinted,
 Springing, ever springing !
 On the vagrant breezes
 Richest perfume flinging.
 A perfect satisfaction,
 A fulness of delight,
 A sense of gliding onward
 Through regions ever bright—
 All balm, all bloom, all beauty,
 Like some ambrosial clime—
 These are the signs that tell us
 Of glorious SUMMER TIME !

AUTUMN.

A perfect flood of sunshine
 Wherein all objects seem
 A scene of golden splendor
 That makes the senses dim ;
 Beneath a blue pavilion
 A glorious feast outspread,
 Where choicest gifts of nature
 Abundantly are shed.
 A lingering look cast backward
 Unto the days gone by,
 A turning to the future
 With sad and anxious eye ;
 Mid AUTUMN's purple sunsets
 A dirge-note swells the blast,
 And tells that soon the brightness
 Of the year will all be past.

WINTER.

The winds are sighing—sobbing,
 Like mourners round a bier,
 And from the hills there cometh
 A voice that soundeth drear ;
 As the trumpet-call to judgment,
 Saying—“ Prepare, prepare !
 Spread o'er the vale a fleecy pall,
 And lay the old year there !”
 Within are sounds of gladness,
 And fires that brightly burn,
 And stories of the olden times
 Are told by each in turn ;
 Without the cry of misery
 And want salute the ears,
 And we look on hoary WINTER
 Through mingled smiles and tears.

H. G. ADAMS.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—“THE ATHOL TENDER.”

As I cast my eyes over these pages, and see how small a portion of my life they embrace, I feel like one who, having a long journey before him, perceives that some more speedy means of travel must be adopted, if he ever hope to reach his destination. With the instinctive prosiness of age I have lingered over the scenes of boyhood—a period which, strange to say, is fresher in my memory than many of the events of few years back—and, were I to continue my narrative as I have begun it, it would take more time on my part, and more patience on that of my readers, than are likely to be conceded to either of us. Were I to apologize to my readers for any abruptness in my transitions, or any want of continuity in my story, I should, perhaps, inadvertently seem to imply a degree of interest in my fate which they have never felt ; and, on the other hand, I would not for a moment be thought to treat slightly the very smallest degree of favor they may feel disposed to show me. With these difficulties on either hand, I see nothing for it but to limit myself for the future to such incidents and passages of my career as most impress themselves on my-

self, and to confine my record to the events in which I personally took a share.

Santron and I sailed from New York on the 9th of February, and arrived in Liverpool on the 14th of March. We landed in as humble a guise as need be. One small box contained all our effects, and a little leathern purse, with something less than three dollars, all our available wealth. The immense movement and stir of the busy town, the crash and bustle of trade, the roll of wagons, the cranking clatter of cranes and windlasses, the incessant flux and reflux of population, all eager and intent on business, were strange spectacles to our eyes as we loitered, houseless and friendless, through the streets, staring in wonderment at the wealth and prosperity of that land we were taught to believe was tottering to bankruptcy.

Santron affected to be pleased with all, talked of the “beau pillage” it would afford one day or other ; but in reality this appearance of riches and prosperity seemed to depress and discourage him. Both French and American writers had agreed in depicting the pauperism and discontent of England, and yet where were the signs of it ? Not a house

was untenanted, every street was thronged, every market filled; the equipages of the wealthy vied with the loaded wagons in number; and if there were not the external evidences of happiness and enjoyment the gayer population of other countries display, there was an air of well-being and comfort such as no other land could exhibit.

Another very singular trait made a deep impression on us. Here were these islanders with a narrow strait only separating them from a land bristling with bayonets. The very roar of the artillery at exercise might be almost heard across the gulf, and yet not a soldier was to be seen about! There were neither forts nor bastions. The harbor, so replete with wealth, lay open and unprotected, not even a gun-boat or a guard-ship to defend it! There was an insolence in this security that Santron could not get over, and he muttered a prayer that the day might not be distant that should make them repent it.

He was piqued with everything. While on board ship we had agreed together to pass ourselves for Canadians, to avoid all inquiries of the authorities! Heaven help us! The authorities never thought of us. We were free to go or stay as we pleased. Neither police nor passport officers questioned us. We might have been Hoche and Massena for aught they either knew or cared. Not a "Mouchard" tracked us; none even looked after us as we went. To me this was all very agreeable and reassuring; to my companion it was contempt and insult. All the ingenious fiction he had devised of our birth, parentage, and pursuits, was a fine romance inedited, and he was left to sneer at the self-sufficiency that would not take alarm at the advent of two ragged youths on the quay of Liverpool.

"If they but knew who we were, Maurice," he kept continually muttering as we went along, "if these fellows only knew whom they had in their town, what a rumpus it would create! How the shops would close! What barricading of doors and windows we should see! What bursts of terror and patriotism! Par St. Denis! I have a mind to throw up my cap in the air and cry, 'Vive la Republique!' just to witness the scene that would follow."

With all these boastings, it was not very difficult to restrain my friend's ardor, and to induce him to defer his invasion of England to a more fitting occasion, so that at last he was fain to content himself with a sneering commentary on all around him; and in this amiable spirit we descended into a very dirty cellar to eat our first dinner on shore.

The place was filled with sailors, who, far from indulging in the well-known careless gayety of their class, seemed morose and sulky, talking together in low murmurs, and showing unmistakable signs of discontent and dissatisfaction. The reason was soon apparent; the press-gangs were out to take men off to reinforce the blockading force before Genoa; a service of all others the most distasteful to a seaman. If Santron at first was

ready to flatter himself into the notion that very little persuasion would make these fellows take part against England, as he listened longer he saw the grievous error of the opinion, no epithet of insult or contempt being spared by them when talking of France and Frenchmen. Whatever national animosity prevailed at that period, sailors enjoyed a high preëminence in feeling. I have heard that the spirit was encouraged by those in command, and that narratives of French perfidy, treachery, and even cowardice, were the popular traditions of the sea service. We certainly could not controvert the old adage as to "listeners," for every observation and every anecdote conveyed a sneer or an insult on our country. There could be no reproach in listening to this unresented, but Santron assumed a most indignant air, and more than once affected to be overcome by a spirit of recrimination. What turn his actions might have taken in this wise I cannot even guess, for suddenly a rush of fellows took place up the ladder, and in less than a minute the whole cellar was cleared, leaving none but the hostess and an old lame waiter along with ourselves in the place.

"You've got a protection, I suppose, sirs," said the woman, approaching us; "but still I'll advise you not to trust to it over-much; they're in great want of men just now; and they care little for law or justice when once they have them on the high seas."

"We have no protection," said I; "we are strangers here, and know no one."

"There they come, sir; that's the tramp," cried the woman; "there's nothing for it now but to stay quiet and hope you'll not be noticed. Take those knives up, will ye?" said she, flinging a napkin towards me, and speaking in an altered voice, for already two figures were darkening the entrance, and peering down into the depth below, while, turning to Santron, she motioned him to remove the dishes from the table—a service in which, to do him justice, he exhibited a zeal more flattering to his tact than his spirit of resistance.

"Tripped their anchors already, Mother Martin?" said a large-whiskered man, with a black belt round his waist; while, passing round the tables, he crammed into his mouth several fragments of the late feast.

"You would n't have 'em wait for you, Captain John!" said she, laughing.

"It's just what I would, then," replied he. "The Admiralty has put thirty shillings more on the bounty, and where will these fellows get the like of that? It isn't a West India service neither, nor a coastin' cruise off Newfoundland, but all as one as a pleasure-trip up the Mediterranean, and nothing to fight but Frenchmen. Eh, younker, that tickles *your* fancy," cried he to Santron, who, in spite of himself, made some gesture of impatience. "Handy chaps, those, Mother Martin, where did you chance on 'em?"

"They're sons of a Canada skipper in the river yonder," said she calmly.

"They arn't over like to be brothers," said he,

with the grin of one too well accustomed to knavery to trust anything opposed to his own observation. "I suppose them 's things happens in Canada as elsewhere," said he, laughing, and hoping the jest might turn her flank. Meanwhile the press-leader never took his eyes off me, as I arranged plates and folded napkins with all the skill which my early education in Boivin's restaurant had taught me.

"He is a smart one," said he, half-musingly. "I say, boy, would you like to go as cook's aid on board a king's ship? I know of one as would just suit you."

"I'd rather not, sir; I'd not like to leave my father," said I, backing up Mrs. Martin's narrative.

"Nor that brother there; would n't he like it?"

I shook my head negatively.

"Suppose I have a talk with the skipper about it," said he, looking at me steadily for some seconds. "Suppose I was to tell him what a good berth you'd have, eh?"

"Oh, if he wished it, I'd make no objection," said I, assuming all the calmness I could.

"That chap aint *your* brother—and he's no sailor neither. Show me your hands, youngster," cried he to Santron, who at once complied with the order, and the press captain bent over and scanned him narrowly. As he thus stood with his back to me, the woman shook her head significantly, and pointed to the ladder. If ever a glance conveyed a whole story of terror hers did. I looked at my companion as though to say, "Can I desert him?" and the expression of her features seemed to imply utter despair. This pantomime did not occupy half a minute. And now, with noiseless step, I gained the ladder, and crept cautiously up it. My fears were, how to escape those who waited outside; but as I ascended I could see that they were loitering about in groups, inattentive to all that was going on below. The shame at deserting my comrade so nearly overcame me, that, when almost at the top, I was about to turn back again. I even looked round to see him, but, as I did so, I saw the press-leader draw a pair of hand-cuffs from his pocket and throw them on the table. The instincts of safety were too strong, and with a spring I gained the street, and, slipping noiselessly along the wall, escaped the "look-out." Without a thought of where I was going to, or what to do, I ran at the very top of my speed directly onwards, my only impulse being to get away from the spot. Could I reach the open country, I thought it would be my best chance. As I fled, however, no signs of a suburb appeared; the streets, on the contrary, grew narrower and more intricate; huge warehouses, seven or eight stories high, loomed at either side of me; and at last, on turning an angle, a fresh sea breeze met me, and showed that I was near the harbor. I avow that the sight of shipping, the tall and taper spars that streaked the sky of night, the clank of chain cables, and the heavy surging sound of the

looming hulls, were anything but encouraging, longing as I did for the rustling leaves of some green lane: but still all was quiet and tranquil; a few flickering lights twinkled here and there from a cabin window, but everything seemed sunk in repose.

The quay was thickly studded with hogsheads and bales of merchandise, so that I could easily have found a safe resting-place for the night, but a sense of danger banished all wish for sleep, and I wandered out, restless and uncertain, framing a hundred plans, and abandoning them when formed.

So long as I kept company with Santron, I never thought of returning to "Uncle Pat;" my reckless spendthrift companion had too often avowed the pleasure he would feel in quartering himself on my kind friend, dissipating his hard-earned gains, and squandering the fruits of all his toil. Deterred by such a prospect, I resolved rather never to revisit him, than in such company. Now, however, I was again alone, and all my hopes and wishes turned towards him. A few hours' sail might again bring me beneath his roof, and once more should I find myself at home. The thought was calming to all my excitement; I forgot every danger I had passed through; I lost all memory of every vicissitude I had escaped, and had only the little low parlor in the "Black Pitts" before my mind's eye; the wild, unweeded garden, and the sandy, sunny beach before the door. It was as though all that night a year had compassed had never occurred, and that my life at Crown Point and my return to England were only a dream. Sleep overcame me as I thus lay pondering, and when I awoke the sun was glittering in the bright waves of the Mersey, a fresh breeze was flaunting and fluttering the half-loosened sails, and the joyous sounds of seamen's voices were mingling with the clank of capstans, and the measured stroke of oars.

It was full ten minutes after I awoke before I could remember how I came there, and what had befallen me. Poor Santron, where is he now? was my first thought, and it came with all the bitterness of self-reproach.

Could I have parted company with him under other circumstances it would not have grieved me deeply. His mocking, sarcastic spirit, the tone of depreciation which he used towards everything and everybody, had gone far to sour me with the world, and day by day I felt within me the evil influences of his teachings. How different were they from poor Gottfried's lessons, and the humble habits of those who live beneath them! Yet I was sorry, deeply sorry, that our separation should have been thus, and almost wished I had stayed to share his fate, whatever it might be.

While thus swayed by different impulses, now thinking of my old home at Crown Point, now of "Uncle's Pat's" thatched cabin, and again of Santron, I strolled down to the wharf, and found myself in a considerable crowd of people, who were all eagerly pressing forward to witness the embarkation of several boats-full of pressed sea-

men, who, strongly guarded and ironed, were being conveyed to the Athol tender, a large three-master, about a mile off, down the river. To judge from the cut faces and bandaged heads and arms, the capture had not been effected without resistance. Many of the poor fellows appeared rather suited to an hospital than the duties of active service; and several lay with bloodless faces and white lips, the handcuffed wrists seeming a very mockery of a condition so destitute of all chance of resistance.

The sympathies of the bystanders were very varied regarding them. Some were full of tender pity and compassion; some denounced the system as a cruel and oppressive tyranny; others deplored it as an unhappy necessity; and a few well-to-do-looking old citizens, in drab shorts and wide-brimmed hats, grew marvellously indignant at the recreant poltroonery of "the scoundrels who were not proud to fight their country's battles."

As I was wondering within myself how it happened that men thus coerced could ever be depended on in moments of peril and difficulty, and by what magic the mere exercise of discipline was able to merge the feelings of the man in the sailor, the crowd was rudely driven back by policemen, and a cry of "Make way!" "Fall back there!" given. In the sudden retiring of the mass, I found myself standing on the very edge of the line along which a new body of impressed men were about to pass. Guarded front, flank, and rear, by a strong party of marines, the poor fellows came along slowly enough. Many were badly wounded, and walked lamely; some were bleeding profusely from cuts on the face and temples, and one, at the very tail of the procession, was actually carried in a blanket by four sailors. A low murmur ran through the crowd at the spectacle, which gradually swelled louder and fuller, till it burst forth into a deep groan of indignation, and a cry of shame! shame! Too much used to such ebullitions of public feeling, or too proud to care for them, the officer in command of the party never seemed to hear the angry cries and shouts around him; and I was even more struck by his cool self-possession than by their enthusiasm. For a moment or two I was convinced that a rescue would be attempted. I had no conception that so much excitement could evaporate innocuously, and was preparing myself to take part in the struggle, when the line halted as the leading files gained the stairs, and, to my wonderment, the crowd became hushed and still. Then, one burst of excited pity over, not a thought occurred to any to offer resistance to the law, or dare to oppose the constituted authorities. How unlike Frenchmen! thought I; nor am I certain whether I deemed the disparity to their credit!

"Give him a glass of water!" I heard the officer say, as he leaned over the litter, and the crowd at once opened to permit some one to fetch it. Before I believed it were possible to have procured it, a tumbler of water was passed from hand to hand till it reached mine, and, stepping

forwards, I bent down to give it to the sick man. The end of a coarse sheet was thrown over his face, and, as it was removed, I almost fell over him, for it was Santron. His face was covered with a cold sweat, which lay in great drops all over it, and his lips were slightly frothed. As he looked up I could see that he was just rallying from a fainting fit, and could mark in the change that came over his glassy eye that he had recognized me. He made a faint effort at a smile, and, in a voice barely a whisper, said, "I knew thou'd not leave me, Maurice."

"You are his countryman?" said the officer, addressing me in French.

"Yes, sir," was my reply.

"You are both Canadians, then?"

"Frenchmen, sir, and officers in the service.

We only landed from an American ship yesterday, and were trying to make our way to France."

"I'm sorry for you," said he, compassionately; "nor do I know how to help you. Come on board the tender, however, and we'll see if they'll not give you a passage with your friend to the Nore. I'll speak to my commanding officer for you."

This scene all passed in a very few minutes, and, before I well knew how or why, I found myself on board of a ship's long-boat, sweeping along over the Mersey, with Santron's head in my lap, and his cold, clammy fingers grasped in mine. He was either unaware of my presence or too weak to recognize me, for he gave no sign of knowing me; and, during our brief passage down the river, and when lifted up the ship's side, seemed totally insensible to everything.

The scene of uproar, noise and confusion on board the Athol is far above my ability to convey. A shipwreck, a fire, and mutiny, all combined, could scarcely have collected greater elements of discord. Two large detachments of marines, many of whom, fresh from furlough, were too drunk for duty, and either lying asleep along the deck, or riotously interfering with everybody; a company of Sappers *en route* to Woolwich, who would obey none but their own officer, and he was still ashore; detachments of able-bodied seamen from the Jupiter, full of grog and prize-money; four hundred and seventy impressed men, cursing, blaspheming, and imprecating every species of calamity on their captors; added to which, a crowd of Jews, bum-boat women, and sloop-sellers of all kinds, with the crews of two ballast-lighters, fighting for additional pay, being the chief actors in a scene whose discord I never saw equalled. Drunkenness, suffering, hopeless misery, and even insubordination, all lent their voices to a tumult, amid which the words of command seemed lost, and all effort at discipline vain.

How we were ever to go to sea in this state I could not even imagine; the ship's crew seemed inextricably mingled with the rioters, many of whom were just sufficiently sober to be eternally meddling with the ship's tackle; belying what ought to be "free," and loosening what should

have been "fast;" getting their fingers jammed in blocks, and their limbs crushed by spars, till the cries of agony rose high above every other confusion. Turning with disgust from a spectacle so discordant and disgraceful, I descended the ladders, which led, by many a successive flight, into the dark, low-ceilinged chamber called the "sick bay," and where poor Santron was lying in, what I almost envied, insensibility to the scene around him. A severe blow from the hilt of a cutlass had given him a concussion of the brain, and, save in the momentary excitement which a sudden question might cause, left him totally unconscious. His head had been already shaved before I descended, and I found the assistant-surgeon, an Irishman, Mr. Peter Colhayne, experimenting a new mode of cupping as I entered. By some mischance of the machinery, the lancets of the cupping instrument had remained permanently fixed, refusing to obey the spring, and standing all straight outside the surface. In this dilemma, Peter's ingenuity saw nothing for it but to press them down vigorously into the scalp, and then saw them backwards the whole length of the head; a performance the originality of which, in all probability, was derived from the operation of a harrow in agriculture. He had just completed a third track when I came in, and by great remonstrance and no small flattery induced him to desist. "We have glasses," said he, "but they were all broke in the cock-pit; but a tin porringer is just as good." And so saying, he lighted a little pledget of tow, previously steeped in turpentine, and, popping it into the tin vessel, clapped it on the head. This was meant to exhaust the air within, and thus draw the blood to the surface, a scientific process he was good enough to explain most minutely for my benefit, and the good results of which he most confidently vouched for.

"They've a hundred new contrivances," said Mr. Colhayne, "for doing that simple thing ye see there. They've pumps, and screws, and hydraulic devilments, as much complicated as a watch that's always getting out of order and going wrong; but with that ye'll see what good 't will do him; he'll be as lively as a lark in ten minutes."

The prophecy was destined to a perfect fulfilment, for poor Santron, who lay motionless and unconscious up to that moment, suddenly gave signs of life by moving his features, and jerking his limbs to this side and that. The doctor's self-satisfaction took the very proudest form. He expatiated on the grandeur of medical science, the wonderful advancement it was making, and the astonishing progress the curative art had made, even within his own time. I must own that I should have lent a more implicit credence to this pæan if I had not waited for the removal of the cupping vessel, which, instead of blood, contained merely the charred ashes of the burnt tow, while the scalp beneath it presented a blackened, seared aspect, like burned leather. Such was literally

the effect of the operation, but as from that period the patient began steadily to improve, I must leave to more scientific inquirers the task of explaining through what agency, and on what principles.

Santron's condition, although no longer dangerous, presented little hope of speedy recovery. His faculties were clouded and obscured, and the mere effort at recognition seemed to occasion him great subsequent disturbance. Colhayne, who, whatever may have been his scientific deficiencies, was good-nature and kindness itself, saw nothing for him but removal to Haslar, and we now only waited for the ship's arrival at the Nore to obtain the order for his transmission.

If the Athol was a scene of the wildest confusion and uproar when we tripped our anchor, we had not been six hours at sea when all was a picture of order and propriety. The decks were cleared of every one not actually engaged in the ship's working, or specially permitted to remain; ropes were coiled; boats hauled up; sails trimmed; hatches down; sentinels paced the deck in appointed places, and all was discipline and regularity. From the decorous silence that prevailed, none could have supposed so many hundred living beings were aboard, still less, that they were the same disorderly mob who sailed from the Mersey a few short hours before. From the surprise which all this caused me, I was speedily aroused by an order more immediately interesting, being summoned on the poop-deck to attend the general muster. Up they came from holes and hatchways, a vast host, no longer brawling and insubordinate, but quiet, submissive, and civil. Such as were wounded had been placed under the doctor's care, and all those now present were orderly and service-like. With a very few exceptions, they were all sailors, a few having already served in a king's ship. The first lieutenant, who inspected us, was a grim, gray-headed man, past the prime of life, with features hardened by disappointment and long service, but who still retained an expression of kindness and good-nature. His duty he despatched with all the speed of long habit; read the name; looked at the bearer of it; asked a few routine questions; and then cried "Stand by," even ere the answers were finished. When he came to me he said—

"Abraham Hackett. Is that your name, lad?"

"No, sir. I'm called Maurice Tiernay."

"Tiernay, Tiernay," said he a couple of times over. "No such name here."

"Where's Tiernay's name, Cottle?" asked he of a subordinate behind him.

The fellow looked down the list—then at me—then at the list again—and then back to me, puzzled excessively by the difficulty, but not seeing how to explain it.

"Perhaps I can set the matter right, sir," said I. "I came aboard along with a wounded countryman of mine—the young Frenchman who is now in the sick bay."

"Ay, to be sure; I remember all about it now,"

said the lieutenant. "You call yourselves French officers?"

"And such are we, sir."

"Then how the devil came ye here? Mother Martin's cellar is, to say the least of it, an unlikely spot to select as a restaurant."

"The story is a somewhat long one, sir."

"Then I have n't time for it, lad," he broke in. "We've rather too much on hands just now for that. If you've got your papers, or anything to prove what you assert, I'll land you when I come into the Downs, and you'll, of course, be treated as your rank in the service requires. If you have not, I must only take the responsibility on myself to regard you as an impressed man. Very hard, I know, but can't help it. Stand by."

These few words were uttered with a most impetuous speed; and as all reply to them was impossible, I saw my case decided and my fate decreed, even before I knew they were under litigation.

As we were marched forwards to go below, I overheard an officer say to another:—

"Hay will get into a scrape about those French fellows; they may turn out to be officers, after all."

"What matter?" cried the other. "One is dying; and the other Hay means to draft on board the 'Téméraire.' Depend upon it, we'll never hear more of either of them."

This was far from pleasant tidings; and yet I knew not any remedy for the mishap. I had never seen the officer who spoke to me ashore, since we came on board. I knew of none to intercede for me; and, as I sat down on the bench beside poor Santron's cot, I felt my heart lower than it had ever been before. I was never enamored of the sea service; and certainly the way to overcome my dislike was not by engaging against my own country; and yet this, in all likelihood, was now to be my fate. These were my last waking thoughts the first night I passed on board the Athol.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A BOLD STROKE FOR FAME AND FORTUNE.

To be awakened suddenly from a sound sleep; hurried, half-dressed, up a gangway; and, ere your faculties have acquired free play, be passed over a ship's side, on a dark and stormy night, into a boat wildly tossed here and there, with spray showering over you, and a chorus of loud voices about you! is an event not easily forgotten. Such a scene still dwells in my memory, every incident of it as clear and distinct as though it had occurred only yesterday. In this way was I "passed," with twelve others, on board his majesty's frigate, *Téméraire*, a vessel which, in the sea service, represented what a well-known regiment did on shore, and bore the reputation of being a "condemned ship;" this depreciating epithet having no relation to the qualities of the vessel herself, which was a singularly beautiful French model, but only to that of the crew and officers; it being

the policy of the day to isolate the blackguards of both services, confining them to particular crafts and corps, making, as it were, a kind of *index expurgatorius*, where all the rascality was available at a moment's notice.

It would be neither agreeable to my reader nor myself, if I should dwell on this theme, nor linger on a description where cruelty, crime, heartless tyranny, and reckless insubordination made up all the elements. A vessel that floated the seas only as a vast penitentiary—the "cats," the "yard-arm," and the "gangway," comprising its scheme of discipline—would scarcely be an agreeable subject; and, in reality, my memory retains of the life aboard little else than scenes of suffering and sorrow. Captain Geesbrook had the name of being able to reduce any, the most insubordinate, to discipline. The veriest rascals of the fleet, the consummate scoundrels, one of whom was deemed pollution to an ordinary crew, were said to come from his hands models of seamanship and good conduct; and it must be owned, that if the character was deserved, it was not obtained without some sacrifice. Many died under punishment; many carried away with them diseases under which they lingered on to death; and not a few preferred suicide to the terrible existence on board. And although a *Téméraire*—as a man who had served in her was always afterwards called—was now and then shown as an example of sailor-like smartness and activity, very few knew how dearly that one success had been purchased, nor by what terrible examples of agony and woe that solitary conversion was obtained.

To me the short time I spent on board of her is a dreadful dream. We were bound for the Mediterranean, to touch at Malta and Gibraltar, and then join the blockading squadron before Genoa. What might have been my fate, to what excess passionate indignation might have carried me, revolted as I was by tyranny and injustice, I know not, when an accident, happily for me, rescued me from all temptation. We lost our mizen-mast, in a storm, in the Bay of Biscay, and a dreadful blow on the head, from the spanker-boom, felled me to the deck, with a fracture of the skull.

From that moment I know of nothing till the time when I lay in my cot, beside a port-hole of the main deck, gazing at the bright blue waters that flashed and rippled beside me, or straining my strength to rest on my elbow, when I caught sight of the glorious city of Genoa, with its grand mountain background, about three miles from where I lay. Whether from a due deference to the imposing strength of the vast fortress, or that the line of duty prescribed our action, I cannot say, but the British squadron almost exclusively confined its operations to the act of blockade. Extending far across the bay, the English ensign was seen floating from many a taper mast, while boats, of every shape and size, plied incessantly from ship to ship, their course marked out at night by the meteorlike light that glittered in them; not, indeed, that the eye often turned in that direction,

all the absorbing interest of the scene lying in-shore. Genoa was, at that time, surrounded by an immense Austrian force under the command of General Melas, who, occupying all the valleys and deep passes of the Apennines, were imperceptible during the day; but no sooner had night closed in, than a tremendous cannonade began, the balls describing great semicircles in the air, ere they fell, to scatter death and ruin on the devoted city. The spectacle was grand beyond description, for while the distance at which we lay dulled and subdued the sound of the artillery to a hollow booming, like far-off thunder, the whole sky was streaked by the course of the shot, and, at intervals, lighted up by the splendor of a great fire, as the red shot fell into and ignited some large building or other.

As, night after night, the cannonade increased in power and intensity, and the terrible effects showed themselves in the flames which burst out from different quarters of the city, I used to long for morning, to see if the tri-color still floated on the walls, and when my eye caught the well known ensign, I could have wept for joy as I beheld it.

High up, too, on the cliffs of the rugged Apennines, from many a craggy eminence, where, perhaps, a solitary gun was stationed, I could see the glorious flag of France, the emblem of liberty and glory too!

In the day the scene was one of calm and tranquil beauty. It would have seemed impossible to connect it with war and battle. The glorious city, rising in terraces of palaces, lay reflected in the mirror-like waters of the bay, blue as the deep sky above them. The orange trees, loaded with golden fruit, shed their perfume over marble fountains, amid gardens of every varied hue; bands of military music were heard from the public promenades; all the signs of joy and festivity which betoken a happy and pleasure-seeking population. But at night the "red artillery" again flashed forth, and the wild cries of strife and battle rose through the beleaguered city. The English spies reported that a famine and a dreadful fever were raging within the walls, and that all Massena's efforts were needed to repress an open mutiny of the garrison; but the mere aspect of the "proud city" seemed to refute the assertion. The gay carolling of church bells vied with the lively strains of martial music, and the imposing pomp of military array, which could be seen from the walls, bespoke a joyous confidence, the very reverse of this depression.

From the "tops," and high up in the rigging, the movements in-shore could be descried; and frequently, when an officer came down to visit a comrade, I could hear of the progress of the siege, and learn, I need not say with what delight, that the Austrians had made little or no way in the reduction of the place, and that every stronghold and bastion was still held by Frenchmen.

At first, as I listened, the names of new places and new generals confused me; but by daily

familiarity with the topic, I began to perceive that the Austrians had interposed a portion of their force between Massena's division and that of Suchet, cutting off the latter from Genoa, and compelling him to fall back towards Chivari and Borghetto, along the coast of the Gulf. This was the first success of any importance obtained; and it was soon followed by others of equal significance, Soult being driven from ridge to ridge of the Apennines, till he was forced back within the second line of defences.

The English officers were loud in condemning Austrian slowness; the inaptitude they exhibited to profit by a success, and the over-caution which made them, even in victory, so careful of their own safety. From what I overheard, it seemed plain that Genoa was untenable by any troops but French, or opposed to any other adversaries than their present ones.

The bad tidings—such I deemed them—came quicker and heavier. Now, Soult was driven from Monte Notte. Now, the great advance post of Monte Faccio was stormed and carried. Now, the double eagle was floating from San Tecla, a fort within cannon shot of Genoa. A vast semicircle of bivouac fires stretched from the Apennines to the sea, and their reflected glare from the sky lit up the battlements and ramparts of the city.

"Even yet, if Massena would make a dash at them," said a young English lieutenant, "the white-coats would fall back."

"My life on 't he'd cut his way through if he knew they were only two to one!"

And this sentinel met no dissentient. All agreed that French heroism was still equal to the overthrow of a force double its own.

It was evident that all hope of reinforcement from France was vain. Before they could have begun their march southward, the question must be decided one way or other.

"There's little doing to-night," said an officer, as he descended the ladder to the sick bay. "Melas is waiting for some heavy mortars that are coming up; and then there will be a long code of instructions from the Aulic Council, and a whole treatise on gunnery to be read, before he can use them. Trust me, if Massena knew his man, he'd be up and at him!"

Much discussion followed this speech, but all more or less agreed in its sentiment. Weak as were the French, lowered by fever and by famine, they were still an over-match for their adversaries. What a glorious avowal from the lips of an enemy was this! The words did more for my recovery than all the cares and skill of physic. Oh, if my countrymen but knew! if Massena could but hear it! was my next thought; and I turned my eyes to the ramparts, whose line was marked out by the bivouac fires, through the darkness. How short the distance seemed! and yet it was a whole world of separation. Had it been a great plain in a mountain tract, the attempt might almost have appeared practicable; at least, I had often seen

fellows who would have tried it. Such were the ready roads, the royal paths to promotion; and he who trod them saved miles of weary journey. I fell asleep, still thinking of these things; but they haunted my dreams. A voice seemed ever to whisper in my ear—"If Massena but knew, he would attack them! One bold dash, and the Austrians would fall back." At one instant, I thought myself brought before a court-martial of English officers, for attempting to carry these tidings, and, proudly avowing the endeavor, I fancied I was braving the accusation. At another, I was wandering through the streets of Genoa, gazing on the terrible scenes of famine I heard of. And lastly, I was marching with a night-party to attack the enemy. The stealthy footfall of the column appeared suddenly to cease; we were discovered; the Austrian cavalry were upon us! I started and awoke, and found myself in the dim, half-lighted chamber, with pain and suffering around me, and where, even in this midnight hour, the restless tortures of disease were yet wakeful.

"The silence is more oppressive to me than the roll of artillery," said one, a sick midshipman, to his comrade. "I grew accustomed to the clatter of the guns, and slept all the better for it."

"You'll scarcely hear much more of that music," replied his friend. "The French must capitulate to-morrow or next day."

"Not if Massena would make a dash at them," thought I; and with difficulty could I refrain from uttering the words aloud.

They continued to talk to each other in low whispers, and, lulled by the drowsy tones, I fell asleep once more, again to dream of my comrades and their fortunes. A heavy bang like a cannon shot awoke me; but whether this were real or not I never knew; most probably, however, it was the mere creation of my brain, for all were now in deep slumber around me, and even the marine on duty had seated himself on the ladder, and, with his musket between his legs, seemed dozing away peacefully. I looked out through the little window beside my berth. A light breeze was faintly rippling the dark water beneath me. It was the beginning of a "Levanter," and scarcely ruffled the surface as it swept along.

"Oh, if it would but bear the tidings I am full of!" thought I. But why not dare the attempt myself? While in America I had learned to become a good swimmer. Under Indian teaching, I had often passed hours in the water; and, though now debilitated by long sickness, I felt that the cause would supply me with the strength I needed. From the instant that I conceived the thought, till I found myself descending the ship's side, was scarcely a minute. Stripping off my woollen shirt, and with nothing but my loose trousers, I crept through the little window, and, lowering myself gently by the rattlin of my hammock, descended slowly and noiselessly into the sea. I hung on thus for a couple of seconds, half fearing the attempt, and irresolute of purpose. Should

strength fail, or even a cramp seize me, I must be lost, and none would ever know in what an enterprise I had perished. It would be set down as a mere attempt at escape. This notion almost staggered my resolution, but only for a second or so; and, with a short prayer, I slowly let slip the rope, and struck out to swim.

The immense efforts required to get clear of the ship's side discouraged me dreadfully, nor probably without the aid of the "Levanter" should I have succeeded in doing so, the suction of the water along the sides was so powerful. At last, however, I gained the open space, and found myself stretching away towards shore rapidly. The night was so dark that I had nothing to guide me save the lights on the ramparts; but in this lay my safety. Swimming is, after all, but a slow means of progression. After what I judged to be an hour in the water, as I turned my head to look back, I almost fancied that the great bowsprit of the *Téméraire* was over me, and that the figure who leaned over the taffrail was steadily gazing on me. How little way had I made, and what a vast reach of water lay between me and the shore! I tried to animate my courage by thinking of the cause, how my comrades would greet me, the honor in which they would hold me for the exploit, and such like; but the terror of failure damped this ardor, and hope sank every moment lower and lower.

For some time I resolved within myself not to look back; the discouragement was too great; but the impulse to do so became all the greater, and the only means of resisting was by counting the strokes, and determining not to turn my head before I had made a thousand. The monotony of this last, and the ceaseless effort to advance, threw me into a kind of dreamy state, wherein mere mechanical effort remained. A few vague impressions are all that remain to me of what followed. I remember the sound of the morning guns from the fleet; I remember, too, the hoisting of the French standard at daybreak on the fort of the Mole; I have some recollection of a bastion crowded with people, and hearing shouts and cheers like voices of welcome and encouragement; and then a whole fleet of small boats issuing from the harbor, as if by one impulse; and then there comes a bright blaze of light over one incident, for I saw myself, dripping and almost dead, lifted on the shoulders of strong men, and carried along a wide street filled with people. I was in Genoa!

CHAPTER XXXIV.—"GENOA IN THE SIEGE."

UP a straight street, so steep and so narrow that it seemed a stair, with hundreds of men crowding around me, I was borne along. Now, they were sailors who carried me; now, white-bearded grenadiers, with their bronzed, bold faces; now, they were the wild-looking Faquini of the Mole, with long-tasselled red caps, and gaudy sashes around their waists. Windows were opened on either side as we went, and eager faces protruded

to stare at me; and then there were shouts and cries of triumphant joy bursting forth at every moment, amidst which I could hear the ever-recurring words—"Escaped from the English fleet."

By what means, or when, I had exchanged my dripping trousers of coarse sailcloth for the striped gear of our republican mode—how one had given me his jacket, another a cap, and a third a shirt—I knew not; but there I was, carried along in triumph, half fainting from exhaustion, and almost maddened by excitement. That I must have told something of my history—Heaven knows how incoherently and unconnectedly—is plain enough, for I could hear them repeating one to the other—"Had served with Moreau's corps in the Black Forest;" "A hussar of the Ninth;" "One of Humbert's fellows;" and so on.

As we turned into a species of "Place," a discussion arose as to whither they should convey me. Some were for the "Cavalry Barracks," that I might be once more with those who resembled my old comrades. Others, more considerate, were for the hospital; but a staff officer decided the question, by stating that the general was at that very moment receiving the report in the Church of the Anunziata, and that he ought to see me at once.

"Let the poor fellow have some refreshment," cried one—"Here, take this, it's coffee." "No, no, the 'petit goutte' 's better—try that flask." "He shall have my chocolate," said an old major, from the door of a café; and thus they pressed and solicited me with a generosity that I had yet to learn how dear it cost.

"He ought to be dressed;" "He should be in uniform;" "Is better as he is;" "The general will not speak to him thus;" "He will;" "He must."

Such, and such like, kept buzzing around me, as, with reeling brain and confused vision, they bore me up the great steps, and carried me into a gorgeous church, the most splendidly ornamented building I had ever beheld. Except, however, in the decorations of the ceiling, and the images of saints which figured in niches high up, every trace of a religious edifice had disappeared. The pulpit had gone—the chairs and seats for the choir, the confessionals, the shrines, altars—all had been uprooted, and a large table, at which some twenty officers were seated writing, now occupied the elevated platform of the high altar, while here and there stood groups of officers, with their reports from their various corps or parties in out-stations. Many of these drew near to me as I entered, and now the buzz of voices in question and rejoinder swelled into a loud noise, and while some were recounting my feat with all the seeming accuracy of eye-witnesses, others were as resolutely protesting it all to be impossible. Suddenly the tumult was hushed, the crowd fell back, and, as the clanking muskets proclaimed a "salute," a whispered murmur announced the "general."

I could just see the waving plumes of his staff, CCLXXI. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXIX. 38

as they passed up, and then, as they were disappearing in the distance, they stopped, and one hastily returned to the entrance of the church.

"Where is this fellow? let me see him," cried he, hurriedly, brushing his way through the crowd. "Let him stand down; set him on his legs."

"He is too weak, capitaine," said a soldier.

"Place him in a chair, then," said the aide-de-camp, for such he was. "You have made your escape from the English fleet, my man," continued he, addressing me.

"I am an officer, and your comrade," replied I, proudly; for, with all my debility, the tone of his address stung me to the quick.

"In what service, pray?" asked he, with a sneering look at my motley costume.

"Your general shall hear where I have served, and how, whenever he is pleased to ask me," was my answer.

"Ay, parbleu," cried three or four sous-officers in a breath, "the general shall see him himself."

And with a jerk they hoisted me once more on their shoulders, and with a run—the regular storming tramp of the line—they advanced up the aisle of the church, and never halted till within a few feet of where the staff were gathered around the general. A few words—they sounded like a reprimand—followed; a severe voice bade the soldiers "fall back," and I found myself standing alone before a tall and very strongly built man, with a large red-brown beard; he wore a gray upper coat over his uniform, and carried a riding-whip in his hand.

"Get him a seat. Let him have a glass of wine," cried he quickly, as he saw the tottering efforts I was making to keep my legs. "Are you better now?" asked he, in a voice which, rough as it was, sounded kindly.

Seeing me so far restored, he desired me to recount my late adventure; which I did in the fewest words, and the most concise fashion, I could. Although never interrupting, I could mark that particular portions of my narrative made much impression on him, and he could not repress a gesture of impatience when I told him that I was impressed as a seaman to fight against the flag of my own country.

"Of course, then," cried he, "you were driven to the alternative of this attempt."

"Not so, general," said I, interrupting, "I had grown to be very indifferent about my own fortunes. I had become half fatalist as to myself. It was on very different grounds, indeed, that I dared this danger. It was to tell you, for, if I mistake not, I am addressing General Massena, tidings of deep importance."

I said these words slowly and deliberately, and giving them all the impressiveness I was able.

"Come this way, friend," said he, and, assisting me to rise, he led me a short distance off, and desired me to sit down on the steps in front of the altar railing. "Now you may speak freely. I am the General Massena, and I have only to say, that

if you really have intelligence of any value for me, you shall be liberally rewarded; but if you have not, and if the pretence be merely an effort to impose on one whose cares and anxieties are already hard to bear, it would be better that you had perished on sea than try to attempt it."

There was a stern severity in the way he said this, which for a moment or two actually overpowered me. It was quite clear that he looked for some positive fact, some direct piece of information, on which he might implicitly rely; and here was I now with nothing save the gossip of some English lieutenants, the idle talk of inexperienced young officers. I was silent. From the bottom of my heart I wished that I had never reached the shore, to stand in a position of such humiliation as this.

"So, then, my caution was not unneeded," said the general, as he bent his heavy brows upon me. "Now, sir, there is but one *amende* you can make for this; tell me frankly, have others sent you on this errand, or is the scheme entirely of your own devising? Is this an English plot, or is there a Bourbon element in it?"

"Neither one nor the other," said I, boldly, for indignation at last gave me courage. "I hazarded my life to tell you what I overheard among the officers of the fleet yonder; you may hold their judgment cheap; *you* may not think their counsels worth the pains of listening to; but *I* could form no opinion of this, and only thought, if these tidings could reach him he might profit by them."

"And what are they?" asked he, bluntly.

"They said that your force was wasting away by famine and disease; that your supplies could not hold out above a fortnight; that your granaries were empty, and your hospitals filled."

"They scarcely wanted the gift of second sight to see this," said he, bitterly. "A garrison in close siege for four months may be suspected of as much."

"Yes; but they said that as Soult's force fell back upon the city, your position would be rendered worse."

"Fell back from where?" asked he, with a searching look at me.

"As I understood, from the Apennines," I replied, growing more confident as I saw that he became more attentive. "If I understood them aright, Soult held a position called the 'Monte Faccio.' Is there such a name?"

"Go on," said he, with a nod of assent.

"That this could not long be tenable without gaining the highest fortified point of the mountain. The 'Monte Creto' they named it."

"The attempt on which has failed!" said Massena, as if carried away by the subject; "and Soult himself is a prisoner! Go on."

"They added, that now but one hope remained for this army."

"And what was that, sir?" said he, fiercely. "What suggestion of cunning strategy did these sea wolves intimate?"

"To cut your way through the blockade, and

join Suchet's corps, attacking the Austrians at the Monte Ratte, and by the sea road gaining the heights of Bochetta."

"Do those heroic spirits know the strength of that same Austrian corps? did they tell you that it numbered fifty-four thousand bayonets?"

"They called them below forty thousand; and that now that Bonaparte was on his way through the Alps, perhaps by this over the Monte Cenis—"

"What! did they say this? Is Bonaparte so near us?" cried he, placing a hand on either shoulder, as he stared me in the face.

"Yes; there is no doubt of that. The despatch to Lord Keith brought the news a week ago, and there is no secret made about it in the fleet."

"Over Mount Cenis!" repeated he to himself.

"Already in Italy!"

"Holding straight for Milan, Lord Keith thinks," added I.

"No, sir, straight for the Tuileries," cried Massena, sternly; and then, correcting himself suddenly, he burst into a forced laugh. I must confess that the speech puzzled me sorely at the time, but I lived to learn its meaning, and many a time have I wondered at the shrewd foresight which even then read the ambitious character of the future emperor.

"Of this fact, then, you are quite certain. Bonaparte is on his march hither?"

"I have heard it spoken of every day for the last week," replied I; "and it was in consequence of this that the English officers used to remark, if Massena but knew it he'd make a dash at them, and clear his way through at once."

"They said this, did they?" said he, in a low voice, and as if pondering over it.

"Yes; one and all agreed in thinking there could not be a doubt of the result."

"Where have you served, sir?" asked he, suddenly turning on me, and with a look that showed he was resolved to test the character of the witness.

"With Moreau, sir, on the Rhine and the Schwartz Wald; in Ireland with Humbert."

"Your regiment?"

"The Ninth Hussars."

"The 'Tapageurs,'" said he, laughing. "I know them, and glad I am not to have their company here at this moment; you were a lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, supposing that, on the faith of what you have told me, I was to follow the wise counsel of these gentlemen, would you like the alternative of gaining your promotion in the event of success, or being shot by a peloton if we fail?"

"They seem sharp terms, sir," said I, smiling, "when it is remembered that no individual efforts of mine can either promote one result or the other."

"Ay, but they can, sir," cried he quickly. "If you should turn out to be an Austro-English spy; if these tidings be a character to lead my troops into danger; if, in reliance on *you*, I should

be led to compromise the honor and safety of a French army; *your* life, were it worth ten thousand times over your own value of it, would be a sorry recompense. Is this intelligible?"

"Far more intelligible than flattering," said I, laughing; for I saw that the best mode to treat him was by an imitation of his own frank and careless humor. "I have already risked that life you hold so cheaply, to convey this information, but I am still ready to accept the conditions you offer me, if, in the event of success, my name appear in the despatch."

He again stared at me with his dark and piercing eyes; but I stood the glance with a calm conscience, and he seemed so to read it, for he said—

"Be it so. I will, meanwhile, test your prudence. Let nothing of this interview transpire; not a word of it among the officers and comrades you shall make acquaintance with. You shall serve on my own staff; go now, and recruit your strength for a couple of days, and then report yourself at head quarters when ready for duty. Latrobe, look to the Lieutenant Tiernay; see that he wants for nothing, and let him have a horse and a uniform as soon as may be."

Captain Latrobe, the future General of Division, was then a young gay officer of about five-and-twenty, very good-looking, and full of life and spirits, a buoyancy which the terrible uncertainties of the siege could not repress.

"Our general talks nobly, Tiernay," said he, as he gave me his arm to assist me; "but you'll stare when I tell you that 'wanting for nothing' means having four ounces of black bread, and ditto of blue cheese per diem; and, as to a horse, if I possessed such an animal, I'd have given a dinner party yesterday and eaten him. You look surprised, but when you see a little more of us here, you'll begin to think that prison rations in the fleet yonder were luxuries compared to what *we* have. No matter; you shall take share of my superabundance, and if I have little else to offer, I'll show you a view from my window, finer than anything you ever looked on in your life, and with a sea breeze that would be glorious if it did n't make one so hungry."

While he thus rattled on, we reached the street, and there calling a couple of soldiers forward, he directed them to carry me along to his quarters, which lay in the upper town, on an elevated plateau that overlooked the city and the bay together.

From the narrow lanes, flanked with tall, gloomy houses, and steep, ill-paved streets, exhibiting poverty and privation of every kind, we suddenly emerged into an open space of grass, at one side of which a handsome iron railing stood, with a richly ornamented gate, gorgeously gilded. Within this was a garden and a fish pond, surrounded with statues, and, further on, a long, low villa, whose windows reached to the ground, and were shaded by a deep awning of striped blue and white canvass. Camelias, orange trees, cactuses, and magnolias, abounded everywhere; tulips and hyacinths seemed to grow wild; and there was in the half-neglected look of the spot something of savage luxuriance that heightened the effect immensely.

"This is my Paradise, Tiernay, only wanting an Eve to be perfect," said Latrobe, as he set me down beneath a spreading lime tree. "Yonder are your English friends; there they stretch away for miles beyond that point. That's the Monte Creto, you may have heard of; and there's the Bochetta. In that valley, to the left, the Austrian outposts are stationed; and from those two heights closer to the shore, they are gracious enough to salute us every evening after sunset, and even prolong the attention sometimes the whole night through. Turn your eyes in this direction, and you'll see the 'cornice' road, that leads to La belle France, but of which we see as much from this spot as we are ever like to do. So much for the geography of our position, and now to look after your breakfast. You have, of course, heard that we do not revel in superfluities. Never was the boasted excellence of our national cookery more severely tested, for we have successively descended from cows and sheep to goats, horses, donkeys, dogs, occasionally experimenting on hides and shoe leather, till we ended by regarding a rat as a rarity, and deeming a mouse a delicacy of the season. As for vegetables, there would not have been a flowering plant in all Genoa, if tulip and ranunculus roots had not been bitter as aloes. These seem very inhospitable confessions, but I make them the more freely since I am about to treat you 'en Gourmet.' Come in now, and acknowledge that juniper bark is n't bad coffee, and that commissary bread is not to be thought of 'lightly.'"

In this fashion did my comrade invite me to a meal, which, with even this preface, was far more miserable and scanty than I looked for.

LODGINGS TO LET IN LONDON.—The peculiar circumstances which are just now affecting the market value of apartments for hire, and more especially the numbers of foreign visitors arriving for the Exhibition, may naturally be expected to introduce many house-keepers to domestic habits and modes of life unpleasant from their strangeness, and sometimes not of a character to be acceptable after a more intimate acquaintance. Several persons complain that, having apartments to let, they have been applied to by a well-dressed man who wished to take two or three rooms, as the case might be, and, in lieu of giving a reference, offered to pay three months' rent in advance. This was usually

considered satisfactory, the rooms were let, and in the evening, on the tenant's arriving, the unfortunate householder found that his rooms were to be tenanted by a host of dirty foreigners, who smoked, drank, quarrelled and sang all day, and slept on the floor at night. In a house at Pimlico three rooms were taken, and seventeen lodgers arrived. In another case four rooms were taken, and thirty-three occupants filled them; who, however, departed on receiving back the rent they had paid, together with a bonus named by themselves—the obtaining of which is, no doubt, the object of these gregarious gentlemen.—*Daily News*, 9 April.

From the Quarterly Review.

La République dans les Carrosses du Roi—Triomphe sans Combat—Scènes de la Révolution de 1848—Curée de la Liste Civile et du Domaine Privé, par Louis Tirel, ex-Contrôleur des Equipages de S. M. pp. 226. Paris, 1850.

THE revolutions of 1830 and 1848 differ from all former revolutionary convulsions in France in one remarkable point—that of being such mere accidents and so little in accordance with either the wants or the wishes of the nation at large, that the victorious party, after the first short interval of tumult and terror, found itself not strong enough to gag the press, and that, thanks to the habits of constitutional freedom introduced and established by the Restoration, it has been no longer possible to conceal from public indignation the fraudulent pretences, the ignoble intrigues, and the scandalous abuses and excesses by which both these catastrophes were produced and accompanied. The revelations of Sarrans, Mazas, Bérard, and Bonnelier, have reduced to their real value the “glorious days of July;” and now the flimsy vapourings of Lamartine and Louis Blanc, with the astounding commentaries of Chenu and Delahodde, and a crowd of other evidences of all classes, have exposed the fraud, the folly, the horrors, and the *crapule* of the February scramble, which—in the very Assembly that represents it, and even by those who had giddily helped to produce it—has been justly stigmatized as “*journées terribles et funestes!*”

The popularity of all the works that have any tendency to discredit the republic is an indubitable proof of how little it was and is in unison with public opinion, and the volume now before us has made a great sensation—not because the facts which it relates are of much importance, but rather, on the contrary, because they are small matters, which from their very triviality throw the greater obloquy and ridicule on the republic and its heroes.

Among the slanders, the affronts, and the injustice, which, during the earlier period of this revolution, were lavished on the late king, the most serious, both as affecting his character and his property, were the imputations of meanness and even dishonesty in his pecuniary concerns. He was accused of sordid avarice and gross rapacity; of having transferred large sums from his French revenues and allowances to create an enormous private fortune in England and America; and this was made an excuse for the seizure, not only of all his own patrimonial, private, and personal property, but even of that of his children, and for inviting and exaggerating, in connexion with that seizure, every possible claim, real or pretended, that could be brought up against him, his family, or even his government. Everything that he possessed in the world, which had not been already plundered from his palaces by the people, “*si magnanime et généreux,*” was sequestered and committed to the custody and superintendence of a Paris notary, of radical principles, whose administration of his trust was so rigid that he could not be persuaded to part with what was left unpillaged of the queen’s wearing apparel. He seemed inclined to treat us with a new edition of *Les Chemises à Gorsas*, and M. le Baron Fain and M. le Comte de Montalivet were forced to dance attendance in the notary’s waiting-room to solicit the release of her majesty’s body-linen! *

* In 1791, when the poor old aunts of Louis XVI. were arrested, their clothes, even to their very shifts,

The vexations and hardships thus imposed on Louis Philippe, in the liquidation of so large a mass of debt, real and imputed, have induced the Comte de Montalivet, late minister of the royal civil list, to publish an ample vindication of the king on every point of his financial transactions. Of that work we need on this occasion to say no more than that it confirms in detail the brief statement as to the insignificance of Louis Philippe’s foreign resources which we presented to our readers in June, 1848.

But while M. de Montalivet’s defence carried conviction to the minds of all who were inclined to look seriously into those subjects, there appeared the pamphlet of M. Tirel, “*Ex-comptroller of the Equipages,*” in which—loyally indignant at the calumnies against his exiled master, and, obviously, not less so at having lost his own place—he produces (amongst some graver topics which we shall notice hereafter) a very singular and piquant *set-off* against the portion of the civil list debt attributed to his own department; and, much to the amusement of the public and to the surprise and annoyance of almost all the leading men of the revolutionary government, brings them in as debtors to the civil list for the use and *abuse* of the royal carriages and horses, of which in the first transports of their triumph they had constituted themselves the legitimate heirs and owners. This unexpected *tu quoque* has burst like a bomb-shell on the patriots, and, in addition to the weightier imputations of personal indelicacy and official malversation, it exhibits some peculiar circumstances of ridicule which have made the *coupé à Flocon* and the *britska à Louis Blanc* a more stinging joke than even the *chemises à Gorsas*. The very title is an epigram. Under the ancient monarchy, *monter dans les carrosses du Roi* was a special privilege of the higher aristocracy; and it is certainly droll enough to find *Albert ouvrier* and Marc Caussidière aping the same honor!

It seems that immediately on the expulsion of the royal family the provisional government named one of its satellites to the duties of master of the horse, and this grateful and active functionary—Belin by name, and by trade a *bandagiste* or truss-maker—lost no time in supplying the whole *nova progenies* of statesmen with equipages from the ex-royal stables suitable to their new-fledged dignities. Forty-one carriages and ninety-one horses, with a proportionate number of coachmen, footmen, and grooms, were appropriated to the daily service of the various members of the provisional government and their families. (p. 197.) The accounts of the royal stables had always been kept, it seems, with great precision and exactness.* The carriages were distinguished—as ships are—by names, such as *Apollo*, *Diamond*, *Duchess*, and so forth, and the were seized—a brutality which one Gorsas (then a journalist, afterwards a conventionalist, and the first of that body guillotined) justified by asserting that the *shifts* must have been bought with public money, and so belonged to him, or any of the people, rather than to the princesses. This was ridiculed in a song called *Les Chemises à Gorsas—a plaisanterie* which had such success at the time as to have become historical.

* The following statistics of the royal stables seem worth preserving. The total average expense during Louis Philippe’s reign has been about 40,000*l.* a year: in the last two years it had risen to 45,000*l.* and 50,000*l.* The number of carriages was 275: the number of horses 360—of which there were—202 bred in Normandy—18 from other parts of France—76 English—35 Germans—15 Spaniards—14 Arabs. The whole estimated at the average value of 50*l.* each.

horses, by the same kind of trivial or fanciful nomenclature that we are accustomed to in our own stables; and a register was kept of the daily employment of each horse and carriage. When the *ecuyer-bandagiste* of the provisional government had given his general orders to M. Tirel for the supply of the vehicles to the several functionaries, the selection of the individual equipages rested with the latter, and it is the exercise of this choice that has given to the graver matters of charge a comic and even farcical air.

M. Tirel prefaces his details by observing that many of the personages who were thus accommodated with the equipages under his charge had had very little experience of anything of the kind beyond a cab or an omnibus. One of those "great ladies," who was, he hints, more used to wash fine linen than to wear it, ordered her new carriage to be at the door on the first morning after her accession, at ten o'clock, but so impatient was she for the expected ride, that as early as half-past nine she came in person to the royal mews, accompanied by a maid with a basket, and insisted on having the carriage directly. A very handsome chariot was presently got ready, which the lady triumphantly entered, followed, to the astonishment of the attendants, by the maid and the basket. When the chariot came back, some unmistakable stains on its rich silk lining testified that the lady had been at market, and had carried home her provisions in the *ci-devant* royal vehicle, while certain fragments—*débris*—found on the foot-carpet, indicated that she and her servant had made a kind of repast by the way. (p. 197.) M. Tirel seems to produce this anecdote as a mere spirit of upstart vulgarity; but the patriots may possibly consider the lady's proceedings as a public rebuke to the idle luxury of the court, and the *émoultiers* of the *Pays Latin* would applaud a tribute to republican simplicity after the purest classical model,

et sibi Consul

Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.

It is, we suspect, of this same great personage that M. Tirel tells us another pleasant story. It seems that the ladies of the provisional government accommodated themselves with the royal boxes at the opera and theatres as freely as they did with the equipages; and, in answer to some objections hinted to one of them, she vindicated the right of herself and "her colleagues," as she called them, by the decisive argument—"Why, it's us that is the princesses now!" (p. 193.)

The usual hire of a job carriage and pair of horses for a day in Paris is stated by M. Tirel at twenty-five francs, and that of a saddle-horse at fifteen; and at these moderate rates he is content to estimate the very superior articles supplied from the royal mews, and to debit the respective parties who used them. It seems that M. Tirel was not only a strict accountant, but, moreover, somewhat of a wag, and, indeed, it would at first sight seem, a good deal of a prophet; and he tells us that, in selecting the carriages and horses for the use of the several functionaries, he was guided by the names which seemed to him most congenial to their respective characters. The satirical aptitude of the greater part of those selections seems at first sight too *piquant* to be absolutely genuine; but M. Tirel protests that they are literally true. We shall first present our readers with a few of the ex-comptroller's most striking statements, and shall then produce his vindication of his accuracy.

For the seventy-five days of his reign, Citizen Ledru Rollin had at his orders four carriages, eighteen draught and saddle horses, and ten servants. "None of the king's sons," says M. Tirel, "had ever had any such establishment." For these, at the rate before stated, the comptroller brings in Citizen Ledru Rollin debtor to the civil list in the sum of 27,750 francs; but what is worse, he hints that the character of the celebrated demagogue was expressed in the names of the horses appropriated to his use, as *Montagnard*, *Orangeux*, *Trompeur*, *Hypocrite*, *Vandale*, *Diable*, *Poltron*, and the like. The latter epithet must surely have been furnished by a kind of second sight of the hero's somewhat ignoble escape through the *vasistas* of the *Conservatoire*, in June, 1849.

Citizen Marrast, formerly a schoolmaster and editor of the *National*, whose aristocratic airs and affectations obtained him the sobriquet of *Marquis*, was, however, satisfied with one chariot and pair, the charge for which was only 2975 francs; but the name of his carriage was the *Ci-devant*, and his horses were *Pimpant* and *Faquin*—*Dandy* and *Rogue*.

Arago, the astronomer, is likewise charged 2975 francs for the chariot *Star*, drawn by *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Marie, a second-rate lawyer, who got into first-offices, is charged 6850 francs for a *calèche* named *Screech-owl*, and the two horses *Babbler* and *Wangler*.

Citizen Flocon, *ci-devant* editor of *La Réforme*, whom our Parisian friends had likened to Sancho Panza in Barataria, had two carriages; one for himself, and one for his lady; but as they were seldom both out together, M. Tirel's liberality only debits him with the latter. It was called the *Duchess*, and drawn by two mares, viz., *Calypso* and *Pomarrée*—the name of the celebrated queen of the Polynesian Cyprus. On this occasion M. Tirel is ungallant enough to make some insinuations which we are not sure that we quite understand, and should not copy if we did.

Crémieux, the Jew lawyer, whose unwelcome *surveillance* and hypocritical attention to the king on the morning of the 24th February were so obtrusively offensive, had a carriage named *Cerberus*, and one of his horses was *Judas*.

Citizen Carnot—that wonderful minister of public instruction—was admirably characterized by the names of his steeds—*Pedant* and *Midas*.

The little orator Louis Blanc had for forty days an elegant little britska, named the *Humming-bird*, with two ponies, *Millet-seed* and *Ciron*—*Ciron* being what is called in English, flesh-worm, and in the French dictionary is noted as *le plus petit des insectes*. On the subject of Louis Blanc and his britska, M. Tirel tells what he calls a "delicious" anecdote. One evening, after one of his socialist lectures at the Luxembourg, as he was stepping into this smart little vehicle, he attempted to reconcile his position with his doctrines by exclaiming to the crowd of admirers who were about to trudge home on foot, "The day will come, my friends, when you will all ride in carriages."

Citizen Courtais, who was suddenly invested with the command in chief of the National Guard of Paris, but was dismissed and imprisoned for his incapacity or infidelity, was supplied during his command with four chargers, splendidly caparisoned, but with the ominous names of *Soldier*, *Blockhead*, *Don Quixote*, and *Sufferer*!

Citizen Clement Thomas, another e'temporized general of the National Guard, and who forfeited both his popularity and his place by having called the Cross of the Legion of Honor—which he happened not to have—a *bauble*, rode for forty-seven days two chargers, named *Bauble* and *Envy*!

Two, and two only,* of the new government—Dupont and Lamartine—declined the use of the equipages that M. Tirel had selected for them with more than his usual felicity of nomenclature. For Dupont he designed the carriage *Doyen*, which means exactly *President by age*, and his horses were to have been *Good-man* and *Upright*; and, for Lamartine, the chariot *Apollo*, with two horses, *Pegasus* and *Enchanter*, but for a second pair were added *Mysterious* and *Zigzag*.

These coincidences (and there are about five and twenty others hardly less curious) will no doubt appear to our readers all very singular, and some quite incredible. It is sufficiently strange that the idea of such epigrammatic insults to his new masters should have occurred to M. Tirel; still more so that he should have ventured to put it into execution; but most of all, that he should have had the second sight of foreshadowing such accidental mishaps as those which subsequently befell Ledru Rollin, Courtais, Thomas, and some others of his victims; but, on the other hand, he appeals boldly to the books of the department and the evidence of the servants—both still extant and open to examination—for the perfect accuracy of all his assertions; he gives in an appendix the official list of the names he quotes; and amidst a variety of *reclamations* and objections made to other topics of his work, we have not seen any doubt thrown on this singular coincidence of characters and names. Our guess at the solution of the enigma is this—that Tirel is not quite so clever nor so brave a fellow as he wishes to seem. We suspect that, at the first outbreak, he was willing enough to keep his place by flattering his new masters, and having on his list carriages with such lucky names as *Doyen*, *Apollo*, *Star*, and such horses as *Good-man* and *Upright*, *Pegasus* and *Enchanter*, *Thunder* and *Lightning*, it was a very obvious piece of courtiership to appropriate them to Dupont, Lamartine, and Arago; and we dare say that Madame Flocon would not much resent the being alluded to as a *Duchess*, or even as a *Calypso*. The complimentary idea being once admitted, the opposite one became equally obvious; and as M. Tirel probably began very early to suspect that he was likely to be dismissed, he may have treasured up a little secret spleen and future ridicule against adverse individuals—

—quæ nunc condonabitur;
Sed profuerunt post, si pergent lædere;—

and, moreover, we must recollect that "an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind." When, therefore, the more complimentary names were all appropriated, those who came after must e'en put up with those that were less flattering; and as the latter largely predominated, it was a lucky chance, and not a miraculous anticipation, that enabled M. Tirel to horse Ledru Rollin's coach with *Montagnard* and *Poltron*—to mount Courtais and Thomas on *Blockhead* and *Bauble*—and to moderate his first compliment to Lamartine by relaying *Pegasus* and *Enchanter* with *Mystery* and *Zigzag*.

Two or three of the thirty-five persons exhibited

* Three functionaries of a secondary rank—MM. Vaulabelle, Bethmont, and Pinard—also declined.

in M. Tirel's list (but not in ours) have denied any personal use of the royal equipages; and one or two of them assert that they had even hired carriages on their private account—not one, it seems, of the whole administration, unless perhaps Lamartine, having a carriage of his own. But it is not denied that the carriages went every day, by order of the *Bandagiste*, to the appointed places; that thirty of them were employed as M. Tirel states, and that the other half dozen might have been so, for aught he knew; so that on the whole we think that the great mass of what is either important or *piquant* in M. Tirel's assertions may be taken for authentic. One or two other protesters take the bolder course of admitting that they did employ the royal equipages, but assert that it was only for the service of the republic, and that, like the ladies in the opera-box, they had a perfect right to do so. We will not stop to inquire whether these, and indeed all the rest of the revolutionary functionaries, had not some excuse for considering these *bagages de l'ennemi*—so one of the parties termed them—as lawful spoils of war. They had at least numerous precedents for the practice; but the boldest asserter of such a belligerent right would hardly maintain that the carriages and cattle ought to have been—as the ex-comptroller complains that they were—still kept at the king's expense. M. Tirel's view is illustrated and corroborated by the following remarkable fact—four of the saddle-horses employed in those duties happened to be the private property of the Duke de Montpensier, who, when the first bustle was over, sent to reclaim them, and they were accordingly restored, but not until he had paid the sequestrator of the civil-list the cost of their keep for the time they had been ridden by the republican officers.

Here we may dismiss the lighter portion of M. Tirel's work; but it contains, as we have already hinted, much graver matter.

The position of the royal stables, looking out on the Caroussel and the esplanade between the Tuileries and the Louvre, and close to the Place du Palais Royal—where the only serious conflict took place—afforded M. Tirel a better opportunity of seeing the popular movement than any witness we have yet heard, and his evidence is very decided on two important points: the first, that the number of the insurgents was exceedingly small—contemptible, indeed, compared to the forces which might have been employed against them, and exhibiting much less than the habitual courage, and rather more than the habitual ferocity, of the Parisian mob: the second, on which M. Tirel insists with sorrowful earnestness, is, that if there had been more resolution and decision at headquarters the revolt would have been suppressed with comparatively little difficulty. We have in former articles discussed both these points; and though we concur with M. Tirel, and, indeed, with every other credible witness, in the general facts, and in this conclusion also, we still adhere to our opinion, that a victory so obtained would probably have been only a postponement of the evil day, and that it was therefore fortunate—probably for the public interests, and certainly for the personal feelings of the king and M. Guizot—that more blood was not shed in defence of a system which, deriving its anomalous authority from the insurrectionary principle of the July revolution, could never be really safe from a similar catastrophe. We shall not renew this discussion, but shall content ourselves with relating some remarkable facts,

of which M. Tirel was himself an eye-witness, and which we suppose will be new to our readers, as they are to us.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th of February an order came to get ready about the same number of royal carriages that were usually employed for a drive to St. Cloud or Versailles, whither M. Tirel very naturally concluded the royal family were about to retire; but judging from the aspect of affairs that this was no ordinary movement, an additional number of carriages were prepared. As M. Tirel has put us on the look-out for coincidences of names, we remark, *en passant*, that two of the carriages ordered for this expedition happened to be called the *Thames* and the *Seine Inférieure*—the king having eventually made his escape from the *Seine Inférieure* (Honfleur and Havre) to the banks of the *Thames*. The carriages were drawn up in the mews-yard, all harnessed, and the coachmen ready to mount their boxes and the postilions their horses, under the order and guidance of a young outrider, named Hairon; but the steady countenance and loyal enthusiasm shown by the eight or ten thousand regular troops which surrounded the Tuileries gave the occupants of the royal stables reason to hope that their services would not be required that day. About noon "*the troops disappeared as if by enchantment*;" and half an hour after the order came to send round the carriages, which accordingly began to move, young Hairon at their head, in his full livery and laced hat. Just before they quitted the yard, Tirel, seeing some angry groups on the Carousel, told Hairon that he had better put on his blue surlout, as his scarlet coat might attract notice. "Pooh," replied he, "why should anybody hurt us, who hurt nobody? and besides, you know that we never attend the king in our undress liveries." The great gate opened, and the carriages proceeded; but the two first had hardly passed out when a body of armed mob attempting to force their way in, the gates were precipitately shut, and a straggling fire from the Carousel and the adjoining streets was directed on the equipages which had advanced. Two carriage-horses fell dead; two others were mortally wounded; the horse of the outrider, who had evidently been the chief mark, fell, riddled by twelve or fifteen bullets; but the young man himself had not been hit; disengaging himself as rapidly as he could from the dead horse, he ran for refuge to the Triumphal Arch, but in vain; a ferocious villain ran to meet him, and fired his musket right into his breast; the ball broke the collar-bone, and divided the carotid artery. Hairon fell dead; the assassin seized his gold-laced hat, hoisted it into the air, as a sign of triumph, and invited his accomplices to come and share the spoils. The poor young man was stripped of all his clothes with a quickness and dexterity which showed that the assassins were used to such work; and the body was left lying in a pool of blood, *with no other covering than its shirt*.

This was the terrible event, which would probably have produced still more horrible consequences to the royal family, if the Duke de Nemours had not, from his station in the front of the Tuileries, separated from the crowd by the great grille, observed the stoppage, and, with great presence of mind, availing himself of a lucky accident, been able to send round three little one-horse carriages, which happened to be standing within the grille, to the rescue of the king, who was already on the *Place de Louis XV.*, waiting for the equipages

which had been thus murderously intercepted. The assassin, whose name it appears was Lacombe, lost no time, says M. Tirel, in presenting himself to M. Ledru Rollin, and, with poor Hairon's hat in his hand as a certificate of *civisme*, asked and immediately obtained the place of guardian in the great Museum, under the very windows of which the murder had been perpetrated. M. Tirel's narrative of these facts has been violently contradicted by some of the friends and associates of Lacombe, but has been substantially corroborated by other and, we think, indisputable testimony. The only point of the case on which there is any doubt is as to the minister by whom the appointment was actually made. One witness denies that any such appointment was made by Ledru Rollin; but his account of the transaction has been totally disproved on other points: and, on the whole, as the appointment was in Ledru Rollin's department, we are not entitled to refuse credit to M. Tirel on that point, until some better defence for M. Ledru Rollin can be produced. But, as to the main fact, it is beyond all doubt that Lacombe presented himself at the Museum with the claim of having shot Hairon, and that a subsequent inquiry, made by the authority of a subsequent ministry, established his guilt, and occasioned his dismissal; nor, as M. Tirel very justly remarks, can this strange patronage of a murder be at all incredible on the part of a government which had decreed national recompenses to the connexions of Fieschi, Pepin, and Alibaud.

After the murder of Hairon, the mob betook themselves with great activity to the destruction of the two carriages. They released the horses—the dead as well as the living—by cutting the rich harness to pieces, but found the demolition of the coaches a more difficult job. The frequent attempts on the king's life had suggested the introduction of a great deal of iron into the vehicles destined for his personal use. They were ball-proof in every part but the windows; and, though decorated inside and out, like any other carriage, were, in fact, as M. Tirel calls them, "*moving citadels*." At the head of the mob engaged in this attempt, now appeared a character nowhere, we believe, to be seen but in French revolutions. A woman of large stature, but still young, and of a form and features that must have been handsome, till drink and debauchery had degraded them, was the fury of the hour—*Dux famina facti*! Over her very loose attire she wore military cross-belts, with their appendant sabre and *cartouche*. She bore in her hand a heavy musket, which she handled like a feather, and on her head a military cap, all probably the spoils of some soldier that she or her followers had murdered. Fifteen or twenty scoundrels of the most hang-dog looks obeyed the shrill and grating voice of what M. Tirel strangely calls "*this Joan of Arc of the brothels*;" she easily broke all the glasses of the first coach, and defaced the arms and panels with her bayonet, but the iron-bound body resisted even the butt-end of her musket. Surprised at this resistance, she directed her gang to stuff it quite full of straw, to which she set fire, jumping up at the same moment on the coachman's seat, where she sat with the musket between her legs, while her satellites, harnessing themselves, with shouts of triumph, to the pole of the carriage, now blazing out at its two side windows, dragged her along, to make, as she called it, "*a little excursion to the Carousel and the Tuileries*." But though the straw, renewed again and again, blazed away,

the coach would not burn, and the virago, jumping from the box in a violent rage, set the crowd the example of endeavoring with paving stones, iron bars, and whatever other instruments of violence they could lay their hands upon, to break it to pieces—but all in vain; until at last in her despair she screamed with a hoarse voice, *To the river, to the river*; and accordingly it was dragged down to one of the bridges, and there with great difficulty hoisted over the parapet, and precipitated into the Seine; as were also two other carriages of the same description; and there they lay for four or five months, when they were sold as old iron, and the proceeds were, no doubt, conscientiously placed to the credit of the civil list.

While all this was going on, the mob were besieging a party of the Municipal Guards and a company of the 14th regiment of the line which, when the orders were given for the general retreat of the troops, had been forgotten in the guardhouse of the *Place du Palais Royal*. The insurgents had seized the commanding officer, and when he gallantly refused to order his men to surrender their arms, they butchered him in the most disgusting manner. This rendered the soldiers desperate, and they resolved to defend themselves to the uttermost. M. Delahodde, who himself was present, tells us the mob—at the head of whom were MM. Caussidiere, Albert, Lagrange, and other leaders—showed no great desire to win the post at much personal risk; they therefore despatched a messenger for two pieces of cannon, but they not arriving immediately,

and the soldiers persisting in their resistance, one of the insurgents [we think his identity is not unknown] exclaimed, “*Let us roast them.*” No sooner said than done; a quantity of hay and other combustibles were piled up against the doors and windows and set fire to. Some of the soldiers were stifled, others were burnt alive, the rest preferring—death for death—the danger that faced them without, to the agonies of fire within, opened the doors and presented themselves to the bullets and bayonets of their assailants. This was a case in which honor as well as humanity should have dictated mercy; but no—every man was massacred—fifty corpses, covered with wounds and disfigured by fire, were spread out upon the pavement—some were no more than heaps of ashes. Such was the fight at the Palais Royal, the only serious conflict that took place in the whole of this revolution, and it was this high deed of arms that was celebrated with all the trumpets of praise by the journalists of the *Réforme* and *National*, who had been themselves very much mixed up with this glorious event.—p. 51.

The hay which was applied to this dreadful use was plundered from the royal stables, which (as we have said) were close by, and several of the carriages that were not fire-proof were dragged to the same place and broken up and applied to the same nefarious purpose. In short, twenty-seven carriages, of the value of about eight thousand pounds, were destroyed on this occasion. M. Tirel adds:—

The disgraceful scenes which I have just related were not the spontaneous work of a misguided multitude; they were visibly directed by men whose dress and language showed that they were not of the same class with the brutal and ignorant mob that followed their orders. Some of the royal servants, victims and spectators of these violences, have assured me that, amongst those whom they afterwards drove about in the royal carriages, they recognized several countenances, never to be forgotten, which they had seen illuminated

on that fatal evening by the conflagration of the royal carriages.—p. 68.

In estimating the general loss of property suffered by Louis Philippe in the revolution, M. Tirel enters into several details, which have in other respects something of historical and even antiquarian interest. By the old law of France the reigning sovereign had only a usufructuary possession of a great class of the personal and movable property of the crown, such as jewels, ornamental and antique arms and armor, pictures, statues, and other works of art—state carriages, furniture of palaces, &c., &c., all of which were valued and registered in official inventories kept in the various departments of the household. All such articles as were not in ordinary use were consigned to a great repository, called the *Garde Meuble*; and—withstanding the devastation and plunder of the royal residences at several epochs of revolutionary violences, and some notorious robberies committed on the *Garde Meuble* in the first revolution—a vast deal of such property remained in the custody of its official guardians. Thus it came to pass that the palaces of the Directory, and subsequently of Bonaparte, were indebted for many of their most remarkable decorations to the ancient *Mobilier de la Couronne*. We have heard of certain splendid suits of velvet furniture belonging to the *ancien régime* which Bonaparte had with laudable economy applied to his own use, by having the embroidered *fleurs de lis* picked out and replaced with his own *bees*. This we have only on hearsay; but we ourselves saw that similar, if not the same, furniture was similarly treated by Louis XVIII. on his restoration. By and by, on the chairs and sofas of his majesty's own cabinet—as some verses of the time recorded—

the curious might see

The ill-erased traces of Bonaparte's bee.

The royal property was divided into two classes, one of which, especially ascribed to the civil list, was, in fact, public property; the other was called the *domaine privé* of the king. There was also the private property of the House of Orleans, which at the July revolution Louis Philippe had taken precautions to separate from both the civil list and the *domaine privé*. All these classes, however, were seized by the February revolutionists, under the pretext of paying the debts of the civil list, which would have been fair enough, had there been (which there was not) any real balance against Louis Philippe on that score; but without giving him credit—to which he was in the strictest justice entitled—for what he had added to the civil list property, and loading with all kind of chicanery and exaction his personal interest in the *domaine privé*. This mode of proceeding will be best explained by one of many instances given by M. Tirel. Charles X. had on his abdication left behind him ten or a dozen state carriages, some of them “really *chef-d'œuvres* of art.” One built for his coronation at Rheims, and thence called the *Sacre*, had cost no less than 13,000*l.* sterling. Others had cost 2000*l.* or 3000*l.* each; and the whole were models not merely of construction, but of all the decorations of painting and carving of which such vehicles are susceptible. These carriages were, soon after the July revolution, exposed to public auction. Louis Philippe, with a feeling of which he gave many analogous instances, thought it indecent that these fine specimens of art and also as it were types of royalty should thus pass into the hands of brokers, and he therefore had them all bought in at no inconsid-

erable prices; for the *Sacre* he was forced to bid 3600*l.*—and he spent 400*l.* more in necessary repairs on it. None of these carriages, however, did he ever personally use; two only of them were ever used at all, and that was on certain diplomatic occasions, when it was the etiquette to furnish foreign ambassadors with royal equipages. The republican government has taken possession of all these carriages, which luckily escaped the February mob, and has placed them and their elaborate harness, together with a great variety of antique and foreign horse-furniture found in the *Garde Meuble*, as objects of public curiosity, in the great national Museum of Versailles—it has even proposed the erection of a special repository for their reception and better preservation. This—*en attendant* the recall of their rightful owners—is the best thing that could be done; and we are glad to find the principle of conservatism extended even to carriages; but it seems hard that these *chef-d'œuvres d'art*, saved from destruction by Louis Philippe's delicacy and good taste, out of his private purse, should be thus taken as public property, without any compensation to his personal estate. This is a sample from M. Tirel's own department; but the same species of injustice, on a much larger scale, was extended to other and more important classes of the royal property. We must, however, in justice add that a Commission of the present National Assembly has shown the disposition to consider these matters, we will not say with more liberality, but at least with less injustice. We find from a Report made by this Commission that the inventories of the furniture and other articles handed over to Louis Philippe's civil list in March, 1832, amounted to an estimated value of near 360,000*l.*; while it appears that the present value of this class of articles belonging both to the civil list and the *domaine privé*, (even after the plunder of the Tuileries and Palais-Royal, and the entire destruction of the magnificent country palace of Neuilly,) is not less than 600,000*l.*—a sum which the king's officers assert, and, as far as the inquiry has yet gone, have proved, to be infinitely short of the real value; thus, even on the Commission's own showing, the republic was indebted to the *domaine privé* in at least 240,000*l.*

This great increase of property consists, says the report of the Commission,

of the articles which furnish the principal national palaces, and particularly the apartments which are open to public curiosity. A considerable portion of them have been employed in furnishing the *Elysée palace* of the President of the Republic; others were taken in 1848 for the use of the National Assembly, and adorn several apartments of the official residences of the President of the Assembly. If we were now to remove all these articles, and apply it to the liquidation of the debts of the civil list, we should unfurnish those palaces, deprive ourselves of a vast number of valuable articles, exactly fitted for the places they occupy, and which could not be replaced but at a very great expense.—p. 103.

The Commission, therefore, very wisely propose that the public should keep the articles, on the footing of a composition with the liquidators of the civil list, and they propose a vote of 2000*l.* for making out an inventory of the articles in question, which they say is a very moderate charge, considering that the inventories will fill 390 Registers, and enumerate not less than 190,311 items—several of the items comprising a number of smaller denominations.

M. Tirel gives an interesting account of the circumstances by which a certain apartment in that part of the Tuileries extending along the Rue de Rivoli, which might be considered as the king's *strong-box*, escaped observation and plunder. It contained on the morning of the revolution, 1st, the diamonds of the crown, worth near a million sterling; 2d, bills and other securities to the amount of some 160,000*l.*; 3d, about 13,000*l.* in bank notes and about 1700*l.* in coin; 4th, the jewels of the Princess de Joinville, which had been deposited there during her visit to Algiers; 5th, a great quantity of public stock, bank notes, and jewels, belonging individually to various members of the royal family, and placed here temporarily in the private custody of the treasurer. In the hurry of the king's departure no one, fortunately, had thought of saving this property; we say *fortunately*, because it is evident, from the details which M. Tirel gives us of its subsequent removal to the national treasury, that any attempt on the part of the royal family or their attendants to save it, must, on the contrary, have rendered its pillage by the mob inevitable.

As it was, its safety was endangered by a very singular circumstance. On a lower floor than that in which all these valuables were placed, was a little room accessible by a small "mysterious" door from the arcade between the Carousel and the Rue de Rivoli. The room in question was the office through which the *charities* of the royal family were dispensed; and the amount of these charities sufficiently accounts for the proximity of this office to the private treasury. It appears that the private charities of the king and queen during the seventeen years of the reign amounted to 21,650,000 francs, about 860,000*l.* sterling—that is, above 50,000*l.* a year—and their more ostensible munificences to nearly as much. Those of the Prince Royal and the Duchess of Orleans amounted, says M. Tirel, to the annual sum of from four to five hundred thousand francs, that is, from sixteen to twenty thousand pounds. We were very well aware of the charitable dispositions of all those illustrious persons, and we can very well conceive that the peculiar position to which they had been raised by a popular tumult and a kind of popular election, must have exposed them to an extravagant degree of popular solicitation; but we confess that the amounts stated would have appeared to us hardly credible, on any less decisive authority than that of M. de Montalivet.

M. Tirel has, he tells us, good reason to suspect that this extensive charity met with a very ungrateful return. The room where this *bureau de bienfaisance* was held had no other furniture than the clerks' writing-desk and stools, and some shelves and presses, in which were ranged the registers of the donations and all the applications of the several parties in alphabetical order. The wicket and stairs that led to it, though out of the way and "mysterious" to most of the inmates of the palace, were of course familiar to the habitual recipients of the royal bounty, amongst whom M. Tirel very rationally concludes that some of the leaders of the mob must be classed—because it was by this remote and obscure passage that a very early, if not the very first, entrance into the palace was effected—whereupon the intruding mob proceeded directly to the room in question, with apparently no other solicitude than to possess themselves of the books and papers, which they carried off, and tore, and burnt, even to the last fragment, in the street below. Some of the invaders were observed to be

particularly anxious to lay hold of certain bundles; and one in particular was remarked for the care with which he destroyed the bundles marked with the initial D, and, that done, taking no trouble about the destruction of the rest. "These autographs were a most curious collection," says M. Tirel, "in which were to be found many names of some notoriety, necessitous artists, authors and journalists, who became afterwards remarkable for their republican energies." The destruction of these letters and registers was so exclusively the object of this portion of the mob that they did no other damage, and did not even carry their curiosity so far as to proceed up the next flight of stairs to the rooms overhead, in which they would—with as little resistance—have possessed themselves of the diamonds, cash, and other treasures before enumerated. The inference is obvious.

Some imperfect idea of the mischief done in the more public and accessible apartments of the Tuileries and Palais-Royal may be formed from the fact that there were gathered up no less than *twenty-five tons* weight of broken crystals, mirrors, and other ornamental and table glass; and there were, moreover, *ten cartloads* of fragments of the finest Sèvres china. The number of pieces of porcelain so destroyed was above 45,000; and they were so richly ornamented that 800*l.* worth of pure gold was recovered from the wreck; their artistical value was incalculable.

The devastation at the Palais-Royal was greater than even that of the Tuileries. The Orleans family's private collection of pictures, an assemblage of the *chef-d'œuvres* of all the schools, but especially of the best French masters, were cut to pieces, and burned; and the library, a collection of great value, and still greater curiosity, was torn to pieces; the scattered leaves, thrown out of the windows, filled one of the courts of the palace several feet deep; and when set fire to, the court became an immense furnace, which threatened the edifice, and the whole of that rich and populous neighborhood, with a general conflagration. In the Palais-Royal was placed the office and treasury of the private property of the house of Orleans. By the presence of mind and courage of the officers of this department, who severally loaded their own persons with as much as they could carry without suspicion, a considerable sum in money, some family jewels, miniatures, and medals, belonging to the queen, were saved, and finally restored to her majesty; and 20 or 30,000*l.*'s worth of notes and other securities connected with the Orleans estates were also preserved, but were delivered over to the national sequester.

At Neuilly the destruction was still more complete; for there, after beginning by a general pillage, and making the apartments the scene of the most frightful extremes of drunkenness and debauchery, the building was committed to the flames; and of that rich and beautiful villa nothing remained but the blackened walls. All its contents perished—except only the library. It had been thrown out of doors before the mob had thought of setting the palace itself on fire, in order to its being burned separately. By this accident it escaped the general conflagration, and was afterwards removed, though of course much damaged when the National Guard of Neuilly had superseded the mob.

These were the results of a revolution, the "orderly and generous" character of which has been so prodigally extolled; and be it remembered

that all these infamous excesses had not even the apology of having been provoked by any the slightest resistance to the will of the people.

We have already intimated that we have no serious doubt as to any of the main facts of M. Tirel's narrative, though we certainly have a strong impression that some share of his indignation against the men of February may be attributed to his own dismissal, and that, if he had been still continued in office, we should have heard neither of his satirical nomenclature, nor, we even suspect, of the indecent promotion of citizen Lacombe. When he designates M. de Rollin as *Diable*, we feel the proverbial justice of giving even that personage his due, and we must therefore admit, that if the ex-comptroller really entertained such opinions of the members of the republican government, and had slyly prepared for future use such a stock of insults against them as he now promulgates, he has no reason to complain of having been relieved from a service that must have been so odious to him; and the less so, because it turns out that M. Tirel only lost by one revolution what he had got by another. M. Tirel was himself a hero of July, as Lacombe was of February; he was a *décoré de Juillet*, and obtained his place in the royal household on that single title. Now Lacombe would have been, no doubt, a *décoré de Février* had there been any such decoration, and he obtained for his deeds on that day no more than the same reward that M. Tirel had done for his—a place about the Tuileries. We hope that M. Tirel did not earn his decoration by any such deliberate atrocity as he charges against Lacombe; but if we knew the detail of the services for which he was so decorated, we should probably find that these were not in principle essentially different from those of Lacombe. To be sure M. Tirel takes care to inform us that he considers the insurrection against Charles X. as of a totally different class and character from that against Louis Philippe, and we have little doubt that every man, high or low—from M. Thiers to M. Tirel—who had gained a position by the first revolution and has lost it by the second, is of the same mind; but we believe that the great majority of mankind are now pretty well satisfied that those events were merely successive acts of the protracted *comédie de quinze ans*; and that the only class of persons in France who have not well founded causes of complaint against the *men of February*, are the *men of July*. Indeed, the identity of the principles or rather pretexts by which both these revolutions were accomplished was emphatically established by the evidence of Louis Philippe himself in that last candid and pathetic exclamation, when he was leaving the Tuileries, *Tout comme Charles Dix!* That short but pregnant phrase—the last words of his reign—was the political testament of the wise old king. It comprises the whole history of the two last revolutions, and indicates the only principle on which a durable monarchy can be reestablished in France. Indeed, what pretence does Louis Napoleon advance, but that he is the heir of the emperor? What claim can be made for the Count de Paris but that he is the heir of Louis Philippe? What is there to direct public attention to either, rather than to any individual in France, but heirship? Is heirship then to be a title for everybody except the real heir!—the heir of St. Louis, of Henri Quatre, of Louis le Grand, of Louis the martyr! For our own parts we confess that the prospect of any solid settlement in France seems to become every day more and more doubtful,

or at least more distant. The mass of the nation appears very indifferent as to the form of its government, and we fear that this apathy can only be cured by some terrible crisis. Nothing can be so inconsistent and anomalous as the present state of things—and it cannot last. If France wishes to be a republic, she must get rid at the next election (or sooner if he persists in or resumes any projects of usurpation) of the ape of the emperor, and should give the republican experiment the fair advantage of a republican president; if, on the other hand, she wishes for a monarchy, after having four times expelled it, she had better seek some surer foundation for it than the sword of some lucky soldier, or the caprice of the populace; and we know not where that is to be found except in the legitimate heir of the Bourbons—*parceque Bourbon!* He—whoever he may happen at the time to be—will be not so much a *person* as a *principle*. And, as to the rivalry between the two branches of the royal house, we are satisfied that no consequence from logical or mathematical premises can be more certain than that any attempt to renew *July* would—even if temporarily successful—be only a prelude to another and more disastrous *February*.

From Leaves from the Portfolio of a Manager, in the Dublin University Magazine.

DRAMAS FROM THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

THE popularity of the Waverley Novels, their animated dialogue, great variety of character, and, in many instances, their strong dramatic features, rendered them very eligible subjects for stage concoction, as Garrick used to call it; and a mine of wealth they have proved in repeated instances. After two or three experiments, all attended with the most marked success, no sooner did a novel appear by the Great Unknown, than adaptations of it, at all the theatres, major and minor, in every conceivable form, were instantly put in preparation, announced, and presented, with incredible rapidity, and as if by the agency of steam pressure. Like every other favorite subject, they were pushed a little too far, and now and then became drugs in the market; but in the aggregate, no class of dramas have ever been so generally well received, or have produced such large sums of money to the speculators.

The first in the field was *Guy Mannering*, brought out at Covent Garden, on the 12th of March, 1816, as an operatic play in three acts; the music by Bishop, whose celebrated Gypsy Glee, "The Chough and Crow," will ever rank among his happiest efforts. The beautiful poetry of this glee is taken from one of Miss Baillie's tragedies, and the expressive language materially enhances the composition. The drama is put together, very skilfully, by the late Daniel Terry, with some assistance and contributions from the author, as has been often supposed. Terry was well known to be on very intimate terms with Sir Walter Scott, and one of the chosen band to whom the secret of his authorship was imparted at an early period. *Guy Mannering* was supported by a host of talent, both in the vocal and acting departments, including Miss Stephens, Miss Matthews, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Egerton, Abbott, Sinclair, Liston, Blanchard, Simmons, Tokely, and Emery. Such an array of names we shall never see again collected in one theatre. The free-trade principle has rendered it impossible. Genius is a close borough, with a very limited constituency. Theatres may be built by act of parliament, at the corner of every

street, but actors are not producible through a similar fiat.

The play met with unbounded success, and still continues in favor with the public. Some years after, another version of *Guy Mannering*, under the title of the *Witch of Dorncleugh*, was produced at the Lyceum Theatre. In this, a different series of incidents was selected, of a more melodramatic cast, and *Dirk Hatteraick*, excellently well acted by T. P. Cooke, was rendered the prominent character. Some thought this the better play of the two, but time has decided differently. It has passed into oblivion, while the other retains its popularity. Sir Walter Scott was so much pleased with the first adaptation, that he christened it the art of *Terryfying*, and ever after spoke of similar attempts as *Terryfications*, even where his friend and confidant had no hand in their construction.

The next was *Rob Roy Macgregor*, by Pocock, an experienced dramatist; another operatic play, the success of which even surpassed that of its precursor, and afforded to Mr. Macready, then a new actor, fighting his way on the London boards, one of the earliest opportunities of proving his original genius. This came out also at Covent Garden, on the 12th March, 1818. I have heard Pocock lament, when rich and independent, that *Rob Roy* was not subject to the author's fees, being antecedent to the provisions of the Dramatic Authors' Act, and by which he said he lost a handsome annuity. I dare say it has been repeated oftener than any play within the memory of the present generation. I have, in my own course of practice, enacted the bold outlaw 173 times.

Rob Roy was followed by Dibdin's version of the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, which appeared in the shape of a melodrama, at the Surrey Theatre, in 1819, and had an enormous run, principally owing to the excellent acting of Miss Taylor, Mrs. Brooks, and Mrs. Egerton. Terry's play on the same subject, at Covent Garden, was a comparative failure, chiefly because he departed from the materials before him, and drew on his own invention. His adaptation of the *Antiquary* (from the groundwork of Pocock) was more successful. This last was acted on the 25th Jan., 1820.

Then came the *Children of the Mist*, in which Liston was the Dugald Dalgetty; *Kenilworth*, where Mrs. Bunn appeared a living type of Queen Elizabeth; and *The Maid of Judah*, with Mrs. Wood, both in singing and acting, glorious as the high-souled Rebecca.

Innumerable others followed in succession, and almost keeping pace with the novels as they issued from the press; but it is unnecessary to notice all in detail. The most successful were invariably those which most closely embodied the characters and incidents of the tales they were compiled from, as, for instance, in the cases of *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Mid Lothian*, and the drama of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. The libretto of the opera founded on the last-named subject, with Donizetti's beautiful music, is a sad mistake. Except in the single scene of signing the contract, there is but a scant resemblance to the original, while the total omission of the mother, Lady Ashton, the controlling agent and presiding evil genius, weakens and changes the *feeling* of the entire story. If the names of the characters were not preserved, the interest so completely loses its identity, that it would be difficult to connect this meagre outline with the power and depth of coloring in the mighty master.

While the dramas from the Waverley Novels pleased everywhere, and drew money to the managers throughout the kingdom, in Scotland, as was likely, they found their strongest hold. *Rob Roy* was produced in Edinburgh with great care, in February, 1819, and ran for forty-one nights without intermission. It was admirably acted throughout, and introduced to that most critical audience a performer who has never been equalled in his particular line—Charles Mackay. His Bailie Jarvie was not acting, it was nature, the man personified in living identity, as if he had sat for the picture, and the author had held him in his eye while drawing it. Liston was the admired of the Londoners, and an admirable artist, too. His humor was peculiarly his own, and his Dominie Sampson was irresistible; but Mackay was the Bailie of Sir Walter Scott, as he himself often most emphatically declared. Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid to an actor was when the Great Unknown, at the dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, threw aside his useless incognito, publicly owned himself the author of the works long believed to be his, and proposed the health of Mackay, in his character of the Bailie, in the following terms:—"I would fain dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented several of those characters of which I have endeavored to give the skeleton, with a truth and liveliness for which I may well be grateful. I beg leave to propose the health of my friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie; and I am sure when the author of Waverley and Rob Roy drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it will be received with the just applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed." The talents of Mackay were by no means confined to his representation of exclusively national characters. In Dominie Sampson, Cuddie Headrigg, Caleb Balderstone, Dalgetty, Richie Moniplies, Jock Howison, &c., &c., he was far beyond any of his contemporaries, and, in a large range of miscellaneous parts, equal to many in the foremost rank. I have seen him play Rolamo, in *Clari*, Old Dorn-ton, in *The Road to Ruin*, and others of that cast, with a power and pathos which everybody acknowledged. I feel happy at an opportunity of bearing my feeble testimony to the merits of an old friend and confederate; and, should these pages meet his eye, he will, I am sure, be pleased to find that I have not forgotten the days of "auld lang syne," or the many reminiscences of what occurred when we dressed in "propinquity" in the same room. I introduced him to the Dublin audience; and, although (as, I grieve to say, they seldom do) they did not fill the theatre, they felt his excellence, and applauded him to the echo. He has retired, happily, from the anxious avocations of theatrical drudgery, and is, I trust, what I always predicted he would be, "a warm little man." The last remaining of that "ould stock" is my first worthy employer and manager, William Murray, to whom I must, with an early opportunity, dedicate an exclusive leaf, which he is well worthy of, and which, I trust, he will take as a tribute of old friendship. He, too, is about to retire (I wish I was!) and he leaves no actor like himself behind, in a long range of the most opposite characters.

There was in the Edinburgh Theatre, at the time I have been alluding to, an actor, by name Denham, now dead, but who deserves to be remembered. I saw him first in a small country theatre, at Kelso, and recommended him strongly to Mr. Murray, who engaged him at a trifling salary, on my showing, but soon promoted him when he dis-

covered his merit. His Dandie Dinmont and Mucklebackit were masterly pieces of acting; and his King James, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, delighted the author almost as much as the Bailie Jarvie of Mackay. It was unique, one of those unexpected coincidences you never dream of, and greatly assisted by a natural thickness of utterance, a sort of Northumbrian, or border burr, (which Sir Walter Scott himself had,) in exact keeping with the physical peculiarities of the British Solomon. Neither let poor old Duff be forgotten, who has so lately "shuffled off this mortal coil," and whose Dougal Creature was equally commended by the same high authority. Perhaps he wanted but the right opportunity, at the right moment, to have made him a great man. The curtain has fallen, and no human reasoning can now decide the question; but that he had talent of a high order, and in a varied line, is unquestionable. Why it was permitted to waste itself in obscurity and indigence, and to be extinguished, in the winter of life, in utter helplessness, we know not, and have no right to inquire, but all, if they choose, may deduce from thence a salutary lesson. I met him first in Edinburgh, when I joined that company in 1819. Everybody said he was a clever man; all he did was done like an artist. I saw George the Fourth applaud his Dougal warmly. I left him in Edinburgh in 1824, and I found him again in neglect and obscurity, discharged from the Haymarket, in London, in 1830. I was then mustering forces for my first campaign in Dublin; he enlisted under my banners, and never left them until he received the final summons of a more imperative commander.

When George the Fourth visited Edinburgh, in 1822, he selected *Rob Roy* for the performance, on the night of his attending the theatre in state; partly as a national compliment, and partly as a personal distinction to Sir Walter Scott, who had taken much trouble with all the arrangements during the royal sojourn.

There was no afterpiece; the doors opened at six, and the performances were to commence at eight, or as soon after as the king arrived, who was always punctual. The crowd began to assemble with the dawn of day; at twelve it came on to rain, and rained incessantly until six; but "no thought was there of dastard flight;" money was offered for place in the throng, and indignantly refused; the "serried phalanx" maintained their array until the appointed hour, and, within a few minutes after, the pit was densely packed; then arose from saturated garments a thick mist of damp and vapor, through which gas illuminations were but dimly seen, and which had scarcely dispersed when his majesty entered his state box. We recollect looking out from the window of our dressing-room on that wet and wearied crowd, impatient and worn out, and saying to ourselves, as the highwayman did on his way to Tyburn, and knowing we were to act the leading part in a very different sort of drama, "You need not hurry, there'll be no fun till I come."

The play of *Rob Roy*, up to this date, has been acted in Edinburgh nearly 400 times; and in the provincial theatres of Scotland, more than one thousand. I remember seeing the 500th representation announced in a play-bill of Ryder's at Perth, dated as far back as 1829.

The week before the arrival of the king, all Scotland poured into Edinburgh. It was impossible to walk the streets without being jostled off the curbstones, but like sensible and well ordered

lieges, as they are, they crowded the theatre nightly. In six evenings, with no auxiliary attraction, above £1,000 was taken to the two old national and worn-out dramas of *Rob Roy*, and the *Heart of Mid Lothian*. Then came Edmund Kean, who had been engaged long before there was any intimation or idea of a royal visit, and the houses, if possible, were fuller still. The great tragedian, then in the full zenith of his fame and powers, was naturally much chagrined that one of his plays was not selected on the night of the royal command, and expected *Macbeth*. I thought he would have chosen to study *Rob Roy* for the occasion, which he had an undoubted right to do if he pleased, but I was not sorry to find he had no such intention. He was impressed with a most unfounded notion that the sovereign was personally hostile to him, and said to me, in conversation on the subject, with epigrammatic bitterness, "I am a greater man than I ever expected to be—I have a king for my enemy!"

Some of the arrangements during the visit of George IV. to his northern capital gave rise to much talk at the time, (people will talk,) some criticism, and not a little astonishment. With a good deal to dazzle and astonish, there was also a large mixture of what was called by the profane "tomfoolery." Now that it has all passed into history, we think over these occurrences with cooler blood. Then the blood of the public exceeded fever heat, and the fever of the moment went to excite the whole nation into a belief that they were Highlanders. Why this was so, no one inquires now; but at the time it looked very theatrical, and something overdone. We have heard it whispered that the king thought so himself; but the whisper was lost in the tumultuous acclamations, and the show and enthusiasm swept everything before them.

Among other "eccentricities of Edinburgh," his majesty appeared in a kilt and blazing appointments of the Stuart tartan, on the morning of his grand levee at Holyrood House. That Prince Charles Edward, in 1745, should have assumed the Celtic costume was natural enough, seeing that his immediate supporters and adherents, in a disputed claim, were the Highland Clans alone; but that George the Fourth should do so, in 1822, when representing the concentrated right of all the lineal claimants to the throne, as Queen Victoria does now, was surely an error in taste, if not in judgment. It was ministering to the vanity of a section, and at the expense of the majority. It seems a strange mistake to have persuaded the king, that the great barons and peers of Scotland, who in former ages constituted the pith and marrow of the kingdom, could be complimented by his wearing the garb, which from early history they had always associated with the acts of lawless tribes and predatory invaders. In the ranks of the gallant 42d, 79th, or 93d, it looks equally comely and heroic; but in the halls of old Holyrood, except on the persons of the feudal chiefs and their retainers, it seemed like a theatrical mockery. It was also sadly diminished in consequence by more than one of its ill-chosen adopters. Some of the amateur Celts looked as if a breeze would have blown them far down the Firth of Forth; and more than one real Highlander of the Tails, when shouldered by the brawny yeoman of the borders, gave way, measuring his man, in muttering, but untranslatable indignation.

On the day of the grand entry, two private societies, the Celtic Club and the Royal Archers, occupied distinguished posts, immediately near the

royal person. The gallant Scots' Greys, still glowing with the laurels of Waterloo, were pushed a little into the background; while a Highland clan immediately followed the state carriage, their pipers bursting with loyalty, and ready as the followers of the car of Juggernaut to die under the wheels of their idol, but in perfect innocence skirling forth an old Jacobite tune, which sounded very like—

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,
De'il tak him that put him there.

But nobody minded particulars, and the meaning was the same, although the mode of showing it was a little contradictory.

From Tait's Magazine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.*

If the reign of the fairies were not over, one might fancy that Hartley Coleridge had had a friend and an enemy among that delicate race—a friend that lavished gifts and graces upon him, an enemy that crossed him at every turn, and forbade him to use and enjoy them. For his happier performances are distinguished by a fairy-like felicity and delicacy; and in all his eclipses and misadventures—which came upon him, not according to the ordinary process of human frailty, but like visitations from some unseen power without—he enjoyed a fairy-like immunity from the consequences which usually follow. If the malignant influence betrayed him into the mire, the guardian genius was always at hand to bring him forth unsoiled. The story ends, too, as a fairy-tale should always end, with the triumph of the better spirit. The evil is already past, and will soon be forgotten, or only remembered as explanatory and illustrative of the good; and the good remains with us to work and prosper.

As for the shadow which hung over Hartley Coleridge's life, we will only say that every man who feels in himself (as who does not?) the truth of the ancient confession—

Video meliora, proboque;

Deteriora sequor—

has in himself the germ of an infirmity which may explain to him the nature of it, and enable him to sympathize with the strain of passionate contrition which runs through so many of the finest and most touching poems in these volumes. It is an infirmity which takes many different directions, and meets with much variety of treatment from society—not so much according to the amount of criminality in each case as according to the degree in which it interferes with social arrangements. In its highest degree it is called madness, and exempted from moral censure as a disease in humanity; in its lowest degree it is almost universal, and acquiesced in as a characteristic of humanity; in its middle degrees it is denounced as a vice. But the difference is in degree, not in kind; and any man who lies in bed after he has distinctly felt that he ought to get up, or who eats of a dish which he knows he had better not eat of, or who feels that he will be too late for his appointment if he does not go at once, and yet remains sitting where he is—any such man can understand how he *might* have come to be incapable of keeping an engagement, or of resisting the temptation of a glass beyond Nature's allowance, and yet retained a strong religious sense of

* Poems. By Hartley Coleridge. With a Memoir of his Life by his Brother. 2 vols. London: Moxon.

duty, a deep feeling of shame, and a devout hope of redemption. The particular form which this infirmity took in Hartley Coleridge is sufficiently indicated in the memoir, judiciously, we think; for an attempt to throw a veil over it would have made people imagine the case worse than it really was. The truth is, that in him it could hardly be called a vice. It sprang from a weakness rather than a misdirection of the will, and was harmless, except to himself. Very few persons, we imagine, could have charged him with any wrong done to themselves in word or deed, and those few would have been the last to make the charge. But though freely forgiven by all who knew him, he was, in his own eyes, deeply guilty, and of this his poems bear constant and touching evidence. The expressions of humiliation and remorse, the struggles of hope and despair with which they abound, were suggested no doubt by his own peculiar case, but they apply themselves more or less exactly to the case of each and all; and there is no man who, if he know anything of the ways of his own heart, will not recognize in them the voice of emotions which he himself either has felt, or ought to have felt, and, we hope, will feel hereafter.

This, we think, is all the reader need be reminded of, in order that he may understand the true meaning and value of the poems themselves; to which we shall now proceed without further preface.

There was a seed which the impassive wind,
Now high, now low, now piping loud, now mute,
Or like the last note of a trembling lute,
The loved abortion of a thing designed,
Or half-said prayer for good of human kind,
Wafted along forever, ever,
It sought to plant itself; but never, never,
Could that poor seed or soil or water find,
And yet it was a seed which, had it found,
By river's brink or rocky mountain-cleft,
A kindly shelter and a genial ground,
Might not have perished, quite of good bereft;
Might have some perfume, some faint echo left,
Faint as the echo of the Sabbath sound.

How far can the seed be said to have perished? Not altogether, certainly. For we cannot doubt that there will be found in these volumes not only much of the perfume, but many sovereign virtues of the flower. And we are almost inclined to think that, as a poet, Hartley Coleridge did, in fact, gain more than he lost by his infirmity. The sense of it has certainly inspired his deepest strains; and it may be doubted whether the imaginative power was strong enough, when unstimulated by personal emotion, to have made a great poet of him in the regions of pure creation. He always spoke of himself as "one of the small poets;" and it is probably true that the loftiest functions of poetry, which no man could better understand and describe, were beyond his reach. But it is in this sense only that he can be accounted a small poet. His style, both of thought and expression, is decidedly large and grand; and in short pieces of every kind—whether bursts of emotion, or embodiments of ideal conception, or broodings of sentiment—he may rank almost with the greatest. Could Dryden have opened a poem in a greater style than this!

Oh for a man, I care not what he be,
A lord or laborer, so his soul be free,
Who had one spark of that celestial fire
That did the Prophets of old time inspire,

When Joel made the mystic trumpet cry,
When Jeremiah raised his voice on high,
And rapt Isaiah felt his great heart swell
With all the sins and woes of Israel!
Not such am I—a petty man of rhyme,
Nursed in the softness of a female time.

Again: for a great and deep thought greatly expressed, read this.

What is the meaning of the word "sublime,"
Uttered full oft, and never yet explained?
It is a truth that cannot be contained
In formal bounds of thought, in prose or rhyme.
'Tis the Eternal struggling out of Time.
It is in man a birth-mark of his kind
That proves him kindred with immaculate mind,
The son of him that in the stainless prime
Was God's own image. Whatsoe'er creates
At once abasement and a sense of glory,
Whate'er of sight, sound, feeling, fact, or story,
Exalts the man, and yet the self rebates,
That is the true sublime, which can confess
In weakness strength, the great in littleness.

And what can be greater, in conception and style both, than this vision of the spectral shadows of the Past sweeping through Time, and disappearing in the blank Future?

While I survey the long, and deep, and wide
Expanse of time, the Past with things that were
Thronged in dark multitude; the Future bare
As the void sky when not a star beside
The thin pale moon is seen; the race that died
While yet the families of earth were rare,
And human kind had but a little share
Of the world's heritage, before me glide
All dim and silent. Now with sterner mien
Heroic shadows, names renowned in song,
Rush by. And, decked with garlands ever green,
In light and music sweep the bards along;
And many a fair and many a well-known face,
Into the future dive, and blend with empty space.

And in what class of descriptive poetry can we place the following picture of the moon moving towards her eclipse, if not in the first?

So pure, so clear, amid the vast blue lake,
Sole regent of the many-scattered isles,
Making of myriad million, billion miles
One beauty, floats she brilliantly awake,
Unconscious of the doom that must o'ertake
Her maidenhood before the night goes by,
And make a lurid blot upon the sky.

Suppose the passages above quoted to have been the remains of a lost poet—the only fragments cast up from his wreck—it would have been hard to say for what achievements in the art such a writer was not qualified. Knowing, as we do, all that Hartley Coleridge produced, and finding that his greatest attempts were not his greatest performances, we must conclude that there was a deficiency somewhere. This deficiency lay, we think, in that mysterious faculty, the power of which we all recognize where it is present, but of which we shall not attempt a definition, commonly called the creative imagination. He had a great and subtle understanding, an exquisite sensibility, an open and liberal nature, a fine observation, a rich, delicate, and abundant fancy, a masterly and original power of expression, so that in all departments of poetry, except the highest, he was, or might have been, great. And, indeed, if we take one of those collections of British poetry in which the extracts are distributed into classes—as epic, dramatic, de-

scriptive, sentimental, humorous, didactic, satirical, and so forth—we would almost engage to find in these little volumes a specimen of every class (the epic and dramatic only excepted) which should rank with the best of them. The faculty in which he was deficient was that without which no man can be great in the drama or the epopee.

In the first volume there are some stanzas of exquisite beauty, describing a character.

She was a queen of noble Nature's crowning,
A smile of hers was like an act of grace;
She had no winsome looks, no pretty frowning,
Like daily beauties of the vulgar race:
But if she smiled, a light was on her face,
A clear, cool kindliness, a lunar beam
Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the stream—
Of human thought with unabiding glory;
Not quite a waking truth, not quite a dream.
A visitation, bright and transitory.

But she is changed, hath felt the touch of sorrow—
No love hath she, no understanding friend,
Oh, grief! when Heaven is forced of earth to borrow
What the poor niggard earth has not to lend;
But when the stalk is snapped, the rose must
bend.

The tallest flower that skyward rears its head,
Grows from the common ground, and there must
shed

Its delicate petals. Cruel fate, too surely,
That they should find so base a bridal bed
Who lived in virgin pride so sweet and purely.

She had a brother and a tender father,
And she was loved, but not as others are
From whom we ask return of love—but rather
As one might love a dream; a phantom fair
Of something exquisitely strange and rare,
Which all were glad to look on, men and maids,
Yet no one claimed. As oft, in dewy glades,
The peering primrose, like a sudden gladness,
Gleams on the soul, yet unregarded fades—
The joy is ours, but all its own the sadness.

'Tis vain to say—her worst of grief is only
The common lot, which all the world have known;
To her 'tis more, because her heart is lonely,
And yet she hath no strength to stand alone.
Once she had playmates, fancies of her own,
And she did love them; they are past away
As fairies vanish at the break of day;
And like a spectre of an age departed,
Or unsphered angel woefully astray,
She glides along—the solitary-hearted.

Nothing can be more beautiful in its kind. But this is description and meditation, not creation. He can tell us what she was like, but he could not have made her move and speak.

So, again, as an imaginative critic on works of imagination he is excellent. We desire no better expounder of the deeper meanings of a picture or a statue. But had he been as great an artist in marble as he is in words, we have no reason to think that he could have made that "Statue of the Infant Hercules strangling the serpent," a cast of which suggested the following noble lines:—

Behold Art's triumph! Yea; but what is Art?
Is it the Iris sent from mind to heart?
Or a bright exhalation, raised, refined,
And organized with various hues of mind?
Nay, let the mind and heart, as Nature meant,
Unite to work their Maker's great intent;
As light and heat, diffused by the same sun,
To sense are diverse but in essence one.
The poet's craft in rosy breath transpires,
And the quick music of a thousand lyres,

That wake to ecstasy the slumbering air,
Dies into nought, or flits we know not where,
The patient sculptor views, from day to day,
An image that can never pass away;
With resolute faith, which nothing can surprise,
Beholds the type in true proportions rise;
His progress slow, and every touch as slight
As dawn encroaching on a summer night;
His purpose sure, for consummated beauty
To him is love, religion, law, and duty.
Long ere our God vouchsafed himself to be
A baby God, a human Deity,
The vast prophetic impulse of the earth
Foretold and shadowed forth the mystic birth:
Nor all the art of sacerdotal lies,
Nor the world's state could so incarnalize
The strong idea, but that men, set free
By pure imagination's liberty,
Conceived the fancy of a boy divine.
Some fables fashioned a fierce God of wine,
Abortive issue of intense desire,
Begot by Thunder and brought forth by Fire.
Some milder spirits culled two twinkling lights
From the thronged brilliance of their Grecian nights,
And gave them names, and deemed them great to
save

The wandering mariner on the weltering wave.
Some, wiser still, relieved the sun on high
A deathless offspring of the empyreal sky,
A personal power that could all truths reveal,
Mighty to slay, and merciful to heal.
Some feigned (and they came nearest to the truth)
A destined husband of eternal youth,
Born of a mortal mother, and, ere born,
Doomed to the pilgrim's houseless lot forlorn,
To fight and conquer a victorious slave,
Strong in subjection, by obedience brave.
Such thought possessed the nameless artist's mind
When he the God, the baby God, designed,
That perfect symbol of awakened will,
Matching its might against predestinate ill.
The serpent writhing round his lower part,
His infant arm defies to reach his heart.
One mighty act is all the wondrous boy,
Line, limb, and feature, all are strength and joy.
Yet half an hour ago that infant slept,
Smiled at his mother's breast, and haply wept;
And when his task is done, the serpent slain,
Soft in his cradle-shield may sleep again.

The following lines, "On a picture of a very young Nun, *not* reading a devotional book, and *not* contemplating a crucifix placed before her," may be quoted, as having an interest at this time independent of their intrinsic merit:—

So young, too young, consigned to cloistral shade,
Untimely wedded—wedded, yet a maid;
And hast thou left no thought, no wish, behind
No sweet employment for the wandering wind,
Who would be proud to wait a sigh from thee,
Sweeter than aught he steals in Araby?
Thou wert immured, poor maiden, as I guess,
In the blank childhood of thy simpleness;
Too young to doubt, too pure to be ashamed,
Thou gavest to God what God had never claimed,
And didst unweeting sign away thine all
Of earthly good—a guiltless prodigal.
The large reversion of thine unborn love
Was sold to purchase an estate above.
Yet, by thy hands upon thy bosom prest,
I think, indeed, thou art not quite at rest;
That Christ that hangs upon the sculptured cross
Is not the Jesus to redeem thy loss;
Nor will that book, whate'er its page contain,
Convince thee that the world is false and vain.
E'en now there is a something at thy heart
That would be off, but may not, dare not, start;

Yes, yes! thy face, thine eyes, thy closed lips, prove
 Thou wert intended to be loved and love.
 Poor maiden! victim of the vilest craft
 At which e'er Moloch grinned or Belial laughed,
 May all thy aimless wishes be forgiven,
 And all thy sighs be registered in heaven;
 And God his mercy and his love impart
 To what thou shouldst have been, and what thou art!

The sonnets abound in descriptive passages of great truth and beauty; and there is a series of sketches of English poets in rhymed couplets which show that the writer might have taken rank with the best of our satirists, had he chosen to work that vein. They were written on the fly-leaves and covers of a copy of "Anderson's British Poets," and are flowing and copious, or condensed into epigram, according, probably, to the room he had. We wish the copy had been interleaved, for then we might have had a set of poetical criticisms upon our poets as good as the best of that kind.

These, together with the poems which we have already quoted, may serve to show the extent of his power beyond the sphere of his personal experiences. But the strains which will touch other hearts most deeply are those which describe or allude to the troubles and struggles of his own. In conversation or correspondence with his friends he was no mendicant for condolence, and had no pleasure in being pitied. He presented a manly front to society, and would carry his burden alone. Yet he had a deep craving for sympathy in his heart, and his muse was the *confidante* to whom he unbosomed his private sorrows. Hence, in his note-books, fly-leaves, and occasional poems, suggested by the occurrences of the day, we find frequent allusions, more or less direct, to his own spiritual or worldly anxieties, which are in the highest degree affecting. To him, in a sense more literal than Wordsworth meant—

The meanest flower that blows could give
 Thoughts that did often lie too deep for tears.

When the pure snowdrops couch beneath the snow,
 And storms long tarrying come too soon at last,
 He sees the semblance of his private woe,
 And tells it to the dilatory blast.

And when he meets with an anemone surviving
 amid the autumnal rains, he sees in it an image of the faith or purity of his youth, still living amid the ruins of so many hopes; and falls into this beautiful meditation:—

Who would have thought a thing so slight,
 So frail a birth of warmth and light,
 A thing as weak as fear or shame,
 Bearing thy weakness in thy name—
 Who would have thought of seeing thee,
 Thou delicate anemone?

What power was given thee to outlast
 The pelting rain, the driving blast—
 To sit upon thy slender stem,
 A solitary diadem,
 Adorning latest autumn with
 A relic sweet of vernal pith?
 O Heaven! if, as faithful I believe,
 Thou wilt the prayer of faithful love receive,
 Let it be so with me! I was a child—
 Of large belief, though froward, wild.
 Gladly I listened to the holy word,
 And deemed my little prayers to God were heard.
 All things I loved, however strange or odd,
 As deeming all things were beloved by God.
 In youth and manhood's careful sultry hours,
 The garden of my youth bore many flowers

That now are faded; but my early faith,
 Though thinner far than vapor, spectre, wraith,
 Lighter than aught the rude wind blows away,
 Has yet outlived the rude tempestuous day,
 And may remain, a witness of the spring,
 A sweet, a holy, and a lovely thing;
 The promise of another spring to me,
 My lovely, lone, and lost anemone!

We are told that all these poems were thrown off with great rapidity—that a sonnet rarely took him more than ten minutes—and that he seldom altered them afterwards. If so, we cannot be surprised to find them very unequal in point of execution; especially when we remember that the *selection* was not made by himself. Some of them we should suppose to be only beginnings, and others he would probably have put aside as abortions. But, taken with the allowance due to things posthumous and fragmentary, they are almost all interesting, and a very large proportion excellent. We had intended to give samples of each variety; but we have not found room for above half the extracts which we had marked.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE RED SPECTRE OF 1852.*

"THE RED SPECTRE" is not, as might at first be imagined, one of those supernatural illusions to which a sanguinary hue has imparted additional horror or an unusually terrific interest—it is a *bonâ fide* spectre of Red Republicanism, conjured up by the at once timorous yet zealous brain of the sometime prefect and author of "L'Ere des Césars"—M. A. Romieu—in order to carry out the views promulgated in that work, and the statements made that Socialism, Red Republicanism, and the most fearful revolutionary horrors, are in abeyance even in 1852; unless military force, under a purely irresponsible iron despotism, is brought to bear against the monster which threatens France with its open jaws.

"Signs," says M. Romieu, "accumulate: every one now perceives them; a kind of dumb terror has crept into the very bones of the smallest and the greatest; the *RED SPECTRE OF 1852*, which at first no one would see, and which I again evoke, is now apparent before the stupefied gaze of all. Every day, every hour, its threatening proportions are amplified; it seems that a great natural phenomenon must be accomplished, and that every creature should possess an instinctive sense of the fact."

General Cavaignac, M. Romieu goes on to tell us, might, after the bloody victory of June, have strangled the monster, and saved civilization; but he was the child of his age, deeply imbued with all the false notions of the day. That horrible struggle of the poor peasant against the better classes, resembling what was once called "La Jacquerie," is everywhere, he tells us, imminent. Hatred against the rich, wherever there are any rich; hatred against the *petit bourgeois*, wherever there are none but the poor; hatred against the farmer, where there are nothing but laborers; hatred of the low against the high, among all degrees; such is France at the present moment.

"And what," asks M. Romieu, "is being done, in face of the approaching catastrophe? Playing the stupid comedy called 'Politics,' a comedy that is enacted in rags on a ruined theatre. I am

*Le Spectre Rouge de 1852. Par M. A. Romieu.

among the most turbulent of those," continues the ex-prefect, "who hiss at this spectacle. Actors and decorations have a ghostly effect upon me, and look as if they had come forth from their sepulchres, clad in their shrouds, to try and hold their seats among the living."

The actors of existing times, M. Romieu adds, speak of human rights. Every one differs as to what those rights are, according to his own wants and views. They are words of human invention, which have been used to take the place of faith and of humility, of forbearance, and of resignation and contentment; but they have themselves no meaning, and are merely a fertile theme for discussion and dispute. "The times of faith are gone by, and, till God resuscitates them, we shall flounder in the false, the incoherent, the absurd. Our times have gone in advance of all that the fancy of our fathers could have ever dreamt of; without going further back, with what insulting smiles would the intimation of the Prince de Joinville's candidature for the Presidency of the French Republic in 1852, have been received in the saloons of 1847? I say nothing if some one had added that the object of that candidature had been to succeed to the prisoner of Ham!"

While people are disputing about names, laws, and words, the hurricane is gathering. "Amidst the variety of alarming news that comes from the provinces," asks M. Romieu, "do you ever hear speak of Legitimist or Orleanist movements? Does your paper ever inform you that in such or such a town the white flag has been hoisted, or the bust of the Count of Paris carried in procession! No; but tumults, Socialist vociferations, sanguinary songs, are heard on every side, and burst forth at every smallest local feast, or at the least motive for political meeting. How blind are they who do not see through their illusions, that these are the unmistakable symptoms of approaching events, and that political interests have no longer a place in the gigantic struggle that will soon take place!"

"*Super flumina Babylonis.*—They are there those *prolétaires* who chant that canticle of hatred on the banks of the river of Paris, and of all the rivulets of France. They only breathe for the day when they shall 'take the little ones and dash them against the stones!'"

It is no longer thirty peasants assembling, as old Mézerai relates it, to converse upon state matters, as in the case of the origin of *La Jacquerie*, now proclaimed by M. Romieu to be revived—"it is millions of peasants and of workmen, to whom the newspaper and the hawk carry every morning new aliment to their envy, their rage, and their execrations, no longer directed against the gentleman, for he is dead, but against the *bourgeois*, who has succeeded to him. The same horrors are preparing, but with more collectedness, more premeditation. There are everywhere words of order—not a tree, not a bush, that does not cover an enemy, prepared for the great social combat. The first peal of the alarm-bell will be repeated by boundless echoes, and chance will strike it."

As to the Chambers, union among representatives, legal enactments, and all other aged and obsolete proceedings, M. Romieu laughs at them as means to oppose to the forthcoming revolution of 1852. "It is not before such pasteboard palaces," he says, "that the RED SPECTRE will stop. Nothing can regulate the questions of our age but the

cannon, and it will settle them, even if it must come from Russia."*

Of all modern words that a pseudo-philosophy and false sentiment have brought into fashion of late, M. Romieu is most irate with what is called Progress. "I cannot," he says, "express the profound disdain that the word inspires me with; I should even say hatred, if it was possible to hate a word." In the world of science, art, invention, and discovery, he goes on to argue at length, there may be progress; in the moral world there can be not only no such thing, but the more mere *Reason* is trusted to, the greater is the divergence from wisdom, morality, and justice. "Suppose," he justly remarks, "Socialism itself, which is called the height of progress, established, would men have less blood or nerves, less anger, love of luxury, hatred, envy, and jealousy?" "Mortal," he emphatically adds, "thou art nothing here below; whatever thou mayest do, whatever thou mayest attempt, thou must die. The minute that elapses for you in this terrestrial journey, even if it should be called an age, must have its end. And at that supreme moment, it will be as if it had had no duration! There will remain nothing of what thou hast said, nothing of what thou hast done. Where now is Progress?"

M. Romieu follows up this view of Progress, before which the whole doctrine falls strictly and metaphorically to the dust, by an elegant comparison of Christianity, teaching us to suffer, because such is our lot here below, that we may live happy in another world; and socialism, in which every man would live for himself, even to the contempt of God. "M. Proudhon, who has constituted himself the extreme expression of revolt against Christianity, will also die in his turn. He will then feel the real value of terrestrial things, and that he might just as well have left them alone, for only one thing remains for all alike, and that is death."

M. Eugène Pelletan has declared, in the *Presse* of the 1st December, 1850, that not a child is born in France that is not a Socialist. ("*Il n'y a pas une femme qui accouche, à l'heure qu'il est, qui n'accouche d'un Socialiste.*") Any puerile parliamentary arrangement to meet such a danger, is, according to M. Romieu, the combat of Don Quixote against the mills. The French nation, he declares, no longer exists. There is on the old soil of the Gauls some anxious rich, and many covetous poor; there is only that. The poor, brought up to envy, to hatred, to thirst for pillage, are ready to devastate, with their millions of arms, the mansions, the abodes of the luxurious, and to disperse everything that appears to be an insult to them. France is no longer that privileged country which elected a constitutional legislation; it is now a collection of everything that fills you with dread in Paris, and of peasants ready to arm themselves with scythes, like the Poles, their brethren, to carry devastation far and wide in the name of equality. "How inglorious it is to go so

* It appears certain that the great European powers will never allow France to be devastated by a Red Republic. The Berlin correspondence of the 21st of April, not only states that a secret Austro-Russian treaty has been negotiated to protect Europe against the results of the crisis which is impending in France, but that the support of Prussia has also been sought for, and that Austria has already submitted to the Cabinet of Turin a proposal to march 200,000 troops through Piedmont.

idiotically to the guillotine, even if they lead us there in white gloves!"

We do not pretend to follow M. Romieu in his long discursive evocation of the Red Spectre; suffice it, here and there, to string together a few of the more striking sentences illustrative of all of his mode of thought, his argument and his apprehensions. Of all these, few have struck us more forcibly than his asseveration, that so corrupt are the masses in France, so utterly devoid of all religious feeling and moral sense, as to look upon everything that is not theirs as if it ought to be theirs, and to consider every sign of superiority, from the coat on one's back to the house of abode, or the vehicle of transport, *as an insult!* The liberal school of the day, in destroying what it was pleased to call prejudices—that is, respect to man, to property, to the law, and to the Deity—was supposed to have filled up the void left with equally efficient philosophical dogmas: witness the practical working of this philosophy in the Spectre evoked by M. Romieu, and let us tremble that ever the same spirit should spread in our hitherto happy country—but happy no longer, if, harboring foreign incendiaries, it should allow the spirit of a corrupt and jealous envy to creep abroad, to fill the bosoms of the poor and the working classes, to rouse their worst passions of desire, cupidity and covetousness, and to yell them on to destruction.

Yet there never was a philosophy of human origin that had not its ridiculous aspect. M. Romieu exposes and denounces a state of society sufficiently awful to make the hair of many a timid politician stand on an end—M. Romieu sees no alternative but an armed and disciplined body led against the Red Spectre by a despotic, inflexible Cæsar; but when M. Romieu himself begins to ponder upon the origin of such a fearful state of things, his meditations are as philosophical as those of a goose contemplating a pool that itself has made muddy.

The abolition of the lottery, he would have us believe, has been one of the causes of Socialism; not in the state of theory, but in the state of sentiment. And this is the truly Gallic manner in which the ex-prefect explains this proposition. "Formerly, when one of those men in blouses, who terrify you by their foresight, saw a splendid equipage passing with its high-bred horses—when he saw seated therein a young and pretty female, wearing a shawl, the mere price of which would have fed two families during a whole year, he did not feel himself influenced by a ferocious envy and hatred; he said to himself, 'I shall, perhaps, have all that to-morrow.' He returned to his cold garret without evil passions being aroused; he only indulged in comparative projects of luxury for the future, or disputed with his wife and children how the next prize should be disposed of. But now what are the reflections of the same man when the carriage passes before him? He says, 'Never can that belong to me. However good my conduct may be, however great my economy, never shall I have that which I see, and *that which insults me!*'"

Another illustration is really so bad that we cannot record it here. Sodom and Gomorrah, Herculaneum and Pompeii, were not more fallen, more corrupt, morally and physically, than Paris, peopled in 1852 by the Red Spectres—we hope only conjured up by M. Romieu's politico-cabalist art, by way of introduction to a Cæsar in embryo.

It has been projected to revise the constitution,

and the project has been a source of great anxiety. People ask one another what would be the result of such an act were it to be carried into execution. Suppose, say some, that a portion of the Legislative Assembly should withdraw in consequence, would there not ensue some eminent catastrophe? It has also been projected to revise the law of the 31st of May on universal suffrage. All such projects in face of the real danger M. Romieu holds to be worse than puerile. While serious, intelligent men are discussing legislative enactments of insignificant purport, the devastating mob is every day receiving new recruits and attaining a higher degree of organization. The insensate leaders of the social revolt which will devour themselves, hasten along the fatal slope upon which their doctrines and their ambition have cast them. More than one of these leaders is fully aware that the fearful struggle in which he has engaged himself will cost him his head; but so great is human pride, that it impels him even to such an extreme sacrifice. Besides, those very chieftains can no longer control their followers. Their terrible password—Appetite—is not one calculated to preserve the immense crowd of their followers, dispersed in the most remote hamlets of France, in a peaceful attitude.

And even if these leaders were sufficiently powerful to restrain the hungry multitude to whom they have given a flag, nothing can prevent the great electoral agitation of 1852 from calling all their troops ready armed into the field of action. Peace will no longer be possible from that day forth in the smallest village. There will be no longer question of *commissions* and *cotes* at that supreme hour. The struggle will no longer be carried on by argument, but by arms. Even those who preach most in favor of *humanity* know that force will be necessary to their success; and does not every one know how they would use it, had they but the opportunity? "Faith and force—sole levers of human movements—there is nothing without you that is not powerless and factitious! The material combat, despite the phraseology of the Ideologists, will never cease to be the supreme sanction of facts."

So strongly is M. Romieu imbued with this doctrine of force, that he says he shall not regret having lived in these gloomy times, if he can only once see *THE MOB*—that filthy and stupid beast which he holds in horror—well chastised and fustigated. "Look at it," he exclaims, "whatever may be its costume, blouse or coat—whatever its manners, its education, its beliefs; in a saloon, where there is pressure to see or hear better; at the door of a theatre, where entrance is coveted; in the theatre itself, where there is impatience, and where wit is made to consist in beating feet and sticks; at the bar, singing that ignoble rhythm, which has become almost historical, under the name of the '*Air des Lampions*,' on the public square, at break of day, when a head is about to fall under the knife of the guillotine. Look at the mob, everywhere and always, and you will find it, not only foolish, but imbecile, brutal, and idiotic, *à faire vomir*. It appears that the moment men are gathered together in masses, that a magnetism of stupidity and vulgarity is developed, and suddenly changes honest people into idiots or madmen."

"And yet the mob governs; and it is its government that has been chosen! It would not be too much in return for such an infliction to ask to be present at the tumbling down of this dirty empire.

It is to be hoped that we shall see the Saturnalia of the day come to an end. This renovation of the human race can only be accomplished by a flood of human gore. But the movement will be prompt, however terrible it may be. The chief, who is to appease this immense tumult, will soon show himself. Who is he? and can he be even guessed at? No; not this evening, nor to-morrow; but he exists, and we have seen him pass by; one of those men before whom all succumb as by instinct."

There is no doubt of the fact. France is far too much of a military nation to allow itself to be devastated by a mob of predatory socialists. The RED SPECTRE will, when on foot, be exorcised by the bayonets, the sabres, the cannon of the soldiery of 1852; as the *Canailles of La Jacquerie* in 1358 fell one upon another at the mere sight of knightly armor, and were cut down and slaughtered like beasts (we are quoting Mézerai) by the gallant

Anglo-Gascon Captal de Buch and the Count of Foix. The *Times* has, with M. Romieu, avowed that the conclusion of so perplexing a situation of affairs as is now presented in France can only be terminated by superior force. "It may," it said, in a leader of April 23d, "be the force which sometimes changes the form of government in an hour, or the contest which arrays a nation in the camps of civil war. But this much is certain, in political as well as natural science, that when a stream is dammed up by obstacles it cannot surmount, the accumulated waters will force a passage and open a channel." If it must be so, it is just as well to be prepared for the coming struggle; and however much we may regret it for the sake of humanity, still it is to be hoped that the Red Spectre of 1852, if it does make its appearance, will meet with a reception that will be a lesson to all turbulent states.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AN EVENING WALK.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

THE Patriarch mild, who mused at evening-tide,
Saw blessings come; they who with ordered feet
Go forth, like him, their blessings too shall meet—
Beauty, and Grace, and Peace, harmonious side by side;

Whether the down purpled with thyme they tread,
Woodland, or marge of brook, or pathway sweet
By the grave rustling of the heavy wheat,
Singing to thankful souls the song of coming bread.

The restless white-throat warbles through the copse;
High sits the thrush and pipes the tree upon;
Cloud-flushed the west, a sunny shower comes on;
Up goes the twinkling lark through the clear slanting drops.

In straight stiff lines sweet Nature will not run:
The lark comes down—mute now, wings closed, no check,
Sheer down he drops; but back he curves his neck;
Look, too, he curves his fall just ere his nest be won.

Here stands the Suffering Elm: in days of yore
Three martyrs hung upon its bending bough;
Its sympathetic side, from then till now
Weeping itself away, drops from that issuing sore.

Dryads, and Hamadryads; bloody groans,
Bubbling for vent, when twigs are torn away
In haunted groves; incessant, night and day,
Gnarled in the knotted oak, the pent-up spirit's moans;

And yonder trembling aspen, never still,
Since of its wood the rueful cross was made;—
All these, incarnated by fancy's aid,
Are but extended Man, in life, and heart, and will.

Your eyes still shifting to the setting sun,
The diamond drops upon the glistening thorns
Are topazes and emeralds by turns;
Twinkling they shake, and aye they tremble into one.

Clouds press the sinking orb; he strikes a mist
Of showery purple on the forest tops,
The western meadows, and the skirting slopes;
Down comes the stream a lapse of living amethyst.

Beauty for man, O glory! yet how vain,
Were there no higher love to correspond,
Lifting us up, our little time beyond,
Up from the dust of death, up to God's face again.

The Word apart: Nature ne'er made, in whim,
An organ but for use; our longing hope
Of life immortal, like our hand, has scope
To grasp the things which are; that life is thus no dream.

We tread on legends all this storied land:
Here flows a ferry through the mountains black
With pinewood galleries far withdrawing back;
Man's heart is also here, and dwarfs those summits grand:

The virgin martyrs, half the ferry o'er,
By ruthless men were plunged into the tide,
Singing their holy psalm; away it died,
Bubbling in death. The moon a blood-red sorrow wore.

And aye, they tell, when wan and all forlorn,
Sickening she looks upon our world of wrong,
And would be gone forever, far along
The mournful ferry dim that dying psalm is borne.

Yon peasant swarth, his day of labor done,
Pipes at his cottage door; his wife sits by,
Dancing their baby to the minstrelsy;
To temperate gladness they their sacred right have won.

Rest after toil, sweet healing after pain;
Repent, and so be loved, O stubborn-vice—
The Tishbite girl severe runs before Christ;
Such is the double law complete to mortal men.

Yon lordly pine bends his complying head
To eve's soft breath, and the stupendous cloud
Shifts silently: Man's world is fittest bowed
By power when gently used: Force not, love thou instead.

One cool green gleam on yonder woodland high,
And day retires; gray twilight folds with dew
The hooded flowers; in gulfs of darkening blue
The starry worlds come out to Contemplation's eye.

Home now to sleep. No part in all man's frame
But has its double uses, firm to keep,
Help this, round that, and beautify: of sleep,
Complex of sweet designs, how finely 'tis the same.

Touched with the solemn harmonies of night,
Down do we lie our spirits to repair,
And, fresh ourselves, make morning fresh and fair;
Sleep too our Father gave to soften death's affright.

In sleep we lapse and lose ourselves away,
And thus each night our death do we rehearse.
O, at the last may we the oblivion pierce
Of death, as aye of sleep, and rise unto the day!

From the Examiner, 17 May.

PRUSSIA.

THE tendencies and policies which disturb Germany are not ill represented by the circumstance of the Prince and Princess of Prussia being the guests of the Queen of England, while the King of Prussia and his minister proceed to Warsaw to become the guests of the Emperor of Russia. England, indeed, has no pretensions like those avowed by the Czar, to direct the politics of Germany, and to dictate the kind of government that is to be allowed to its several states. But it is well known that every English statesman recommends constitutional liberty, and mistrusts the durability and wisdom of any power which is merely based on military force.

It was reported and believed in Berlin that the king had prayed his brother not to visit England at present, as it might wear the appearance of a political alliance, and of a disposition at which Russia might take umbrage. For Prussia exists, under its present administration, as we know, under the mere sufferance of Russia. Austria, its warlike young emperor, and its fire-eating prime minister, are ready, it is well known and vaunted, to eat up Prussia any fine morning for breakfast; and Prussia, in the person of its minister and monarch, trembles at the prospect of being made a meal of. There was a time when it had spirit and sinews to resist the ogre. But Prussia has become so completely cowed under Frederic the Little, that it places its only hope on the protection of Russia. To Warsaw, therefore, his majesty has gone, to excite the czar's commiseration, and to yield to whatever pressure it may please the Court of St. Petersburg to apply.

No Prussian statesman has, indeed, ever gone to Warsaw without writhing under the moral torture there inflicted. Count Brandenburg and Baron Manteuffel both yielded up their country's honor at such interviews, a disgrace which the former atoned for in madness and death. The Prince of Prussia alone, when he went to Warsaw, maintained a bold front; and, though far from ultra-liberal, yet manfully refused any base compromise, and sought the honor and independence of his country. The prince, however, is in England; his weak brother on the road to Warsaw. We have not the least doubt that a few weeks will reveal some startling and disgraceful result.

There is one part of this subject to be approached with great reluctance, and our only reason for mentioning which is, that for months it has been gaining gravity, and exciting more and more attention with the people of North Germany. We allude to the reported mental state of the present King of Prussia. It is well known that ever since the trying events of 1848 he has shown less and less self-possession. It was thought that his complete recovery of authority and establishment of power would have restored his intellect to its usual composure; but, on the contrary, the symptoms of royal eccentricity have increased to a degree to pass no longer as mere eccentricity. In fact, Frederic William is now understood to be in the state of our George the Third, except that in the English king a seizure was always preceded by a malady that placed him in the hands of physicians, whereas the King of Prussia walks about in the fulness of physical health amidst too evident marks of an intellect anything but healthy. It is one of the incalculable advantages of representative govern-

ment that it provides for these as for all other disorders befalling the crown; and if the present courtiers and ministers of Prussia still hold to the constitution, it may be chiefly from a sense of the indispensability of parliamentary interference in occurrences of the kind.

The Czar Nicholas, however, considers himself as a higher authority, and one endowed with much more right to interfere than any parliament. The same rumor once prevailed about himself, but he contrived to shake off much, if not all, of the singularity which was at that time observable. And now, as *amicus curiæ*, he will interfere to give his potent voice on this as well as other pressing matters affecting Germany.

From the Examiner, 17 May.

WHAT GERMANY HAS LOST BY THE FAILURE OF THE DRESDEN CONFERENCES.

WE do not return to the subject of the Dresden Conferences merely for the sake of recording another failure in the attempt to reorganize the Central Government of Germany. The difficulties of the question itself, not less than the ambition and falsehood of one party, the weakness and treachery of another, with perhaps the honesty and patriotism of a very few, are quite sufficient to account for such an issue. Nor do we notice the return to the old Confederative Diet for the sake of casting in the teeth of Prussia the oft-repeated inconsistencies, albeit some industrious German has given himself the trouble to calculate that the ministry Manteuffel has publicly declared officially eleven times, and half-officially thirty-three times, that the Confederative Diet had not only been justly and legally dissolved, but that its reconstruction was inadmissible and incompatible with the state and wants of Germany! But an opportunity has been afforded us, by the recent publication of a pamphlet entitled the *Dresdener Conferenzen* containing some of the documents of the Congress, of seeing what were the real objects that the courts of Germany were aiming at; and we think they are well worth the attention of all who are interested in the future prospects of the German people.

It may be remembered, that at the opening of the Conferences, Prince Schwartzemberg imposed the condition of secrecy on their deliberations; and Manteuffel, in his desire to break with the revolution, seems to have been equally desirous of keeping the Prussians from a knowledge of the abyss towards which he was leading them. But some of his colleagues, perhaps Count Alvensleben himself, more clear-sighted, or less blinded by revolutionary bugbears, saw the error, and that publicity alone could defeat it. A number of the official documents of the Conferences have accordingly been published, and with them a very powerful statement of the policy Austria was pursuing, and the hopeless, helpless position she was preparing for Prussia.

The most important documents are the propositions of the first commission, entrusted with the construction of the future Federative Constitution; those of the second, concerning the power to be exercised by the future organs of the Confederation; and those of a sub-commission, on the relation of the Confederation to the independent legislative bodies. The first commission proposed to form an executive organ of nine members, with eleven votes, in which Austria and her confederates would

have had a decided majority; and to entrust to it an army of 125,000 men, which was always to be maintained in a state ready for immediate service. The plenum was to be constituted as in the old diet, except that Austria and Prussia were each to have ten votes, and Bavaria five, while the other states retained only the number accorded by the Treaty of Vienna. But the resolutions of the sub-commission are the most important. It was here actually proposed that all such acts of any legislative body of a state of the Confederation as were contrary to the laws or principles of the Confederation, must at once be altered; and among these were—the right to refuse taxes; any limit to the sovereign's privilege of veto; the fundamental rights of Frankfurt; the claim for universal suffrage; and the obligation of the prince to change his ministry according to the change in the Parliamentary majority! In other words, the constitution of every state in Germany (of course that of Prussia included) was to be abrogated at the will of a body of officials presided over and influenced by Austria.

We cannot follow the author of the pamphlet through all the details of the German question as discussed in these Conferences, the intrigues and ambitions of various states, the different propositions brought forward, and the reasons for or against their adoption. Suffice it to say, that the plan adopted for the future constitution of Germany would, in addition to suppressing all constitutional freedom in the separate states, very materially have diminished the influence of Prussia as compared with the old Confederative Constitution, by depriving those states of votes whose interests were the same as hers, and on whose support, therefore, she might ordinarily reckon. In the words of the pamphlet, the leading points of this system were:

1. A central power entrusted to Austria and her allies, which, in the army, police, legislation, and foreign policy, not only excluded the influence of Prussia from the rest of Germany, but in these respects threatened to exercise an influence on Prussia herself.

2. The dependence of the right of union (among the different states) on the decision of a very doubtful majority of the second Confederative organ.

3. The constitution of a positive right of intermeddling in constitutional questions—nay, even in the legislation of the Prussian, in common with all other German, States.

4. The reception of the whole of Austria into the Confederation, the equalization of the position of Prussia and Bavaria, the removal of Prussian policy from Berlin to Vienna; and, lastly, by the reception of the whole of Prussia into the Confederation, the abrogation of the right to make war and peace. In short, the reduction of Prussia to the state not only of a third-rate power, but of a dependent state.

That such were the necessary—the inevitable results of the policy pursued by Manteuffel, our author shows clearly enough; and we can scarcely be astonished that he looks to the old Diet as a welcome port from such a storm. The interests of Germany at large, however, the interests of freedom and civilization, the balance of power, and peace of Europe, are all questions which appear by no means to occupy him as a Prussian; yet all these are equally called in question by the threatened preponderance of Austria, and are of far more interest to the world than the dignity of the Prussian crown. The true key to the Austrian scheme is the entrance of all her States into the Confedera-

tion; and as this is the one which has fortunately called forth the interference of our own government as well as that of France, *but which is still by no means given up* by Prince Schwartzenberg, it may be worth while to follow our author somewhat more closely on this point.

It should be remarked that our Prussian diplomatist never notices the interference of foreign powers, but treats the matter as a mere German question. It appears that Radowitz consented at Warsaw to the admission of the Austrian States, on the supposition of the existence and continuance of the Prussian Union, and the transformation of the Confederation into a mere military alliance. The less German Austria became, in the opinion of this luckless statesman, the greater was the necessity for the rest of Germany to cling to Prussia for support. The Union, however, was given up; and still Manteuffel consented to the Austrian plan. Nay, he demanded as a counter-advantage that Prussia should be admitted with her states. In other words, for the sake of the 497,000 additional Prussians, he admitted 24,160,000 Austrians into the Confederation! But both Austria and Prussia by this act would substantially have given up their rights as independent powers, for it is only in consideration of their provinces not included in the Confederation that they have the right to make peace and war, and exercise the rights of independent sovereignty. By the conversion of the Confederation from a merely defensive union, and composed of entirely German elements, to an active and non-German power, its character would become entirely changed. It is true that Austria proposed only to retain the same number of votes with Prussia, but the principle of territorial extent and population already admitted in the proposed reduction of the votes of the lesser States could scarcely fail of further application. And Austria, which would then have formed more than a half of the whole Confederation, could scarcely be expected to yield to a power not forming one quarter of it. As long as the Confederation maintained its German character, the equality of Austria and Prussia was a fact, no matter in whose hands the formal presidency might rest; but the moment that character was forfeited, the overweening size of the Austrian States must have given her the predominant power, however Prussia might be flattered by a titular equality.

That a change like this in the balance of power in Europe should have been attempted without consulting the other parties to the treaties of Vienna, is only another proof of the cool assumption of Prince Schwartzenberg. That he should have attempted it at a moment when he knows he could not engage in a war with the weakest state in Europe without the permission and support of Russia, the natural enemy of Austria, is a proof of such folly and presumption as is scarcely to be found in the annals of the world. The difficulties of Prussia, let us add, are not yet over with the return to the old Diet. A correspondent of the *Ost Deutsche Post* remarks that Prussia, on returning to Frankfurt, will be required to adopt all the acts of the Diet that have taken place during her absence, and, worse than all, will be obliged to pay her share of the expenses for the armament of Austria and Bavaria directed against herself! One would think that Manteuffel himself might blush to lay a budget containing such an item before the Prussian Chambers, shameless as he has shown himself, and subservient as they have proved themselves to be.

From the Spectator.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON'S NEW COMEDY.

THE long-promised theatrical treat, furnishing the first stone for the erection of the Guild of Literature, was given on 16th May, at Devonshire House, to all who chose to pay five guineas to enjoy it. The curiosity and good-will of the more wealthy portion of the public caused the audience to be numerous, while the price of admission made it select. Certainly there was enough offered to stimulate a feeling of expectation. The amateurs, whose "guild" may be best identified as that of Messrs. Dickens, Foster, and Jerrold, have never played without creating a town-talk, from the time when they appeared in *Every Man in his Humor*, at Miss Kelly's little theatre. Now they came forward with a new halo of attraction. A room in a superb ducal residence had been turned into a theatre for their special use, and pictorial artists of the highest position had voluntarily imposed upon themselves the task of furnishing appropriate decorations; majesty had promised to witness the performance (and kept that promise); and, last but not least, an entirely new comedy from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was to be played for the first time.

With respect to the play itself, which was after all the central dish of the banquet, we feel inclined to agree with a contemporary, who says that to judge it fairly, the circumstances under which it is produced must be taken into consideration. If represented on an ordinary stage, we think we should point out as faults, the haziness of the plot, and the small interest inspired as to the fate of the dramatis personæ; we think we should also object to the very oratorical tone assumed by the principal serious characters. But on the present occasion, we bear in mind that the play is written to serve the interest of literary men, and therefore the dissertations on a life of struggle against difficulties may be considered as so many appeals to the good-will of the audience towards the proposed fund; we also bear in mind, that writing for amateurs, whose government is always more democratic than monarchical, the author had to create a number of characters, instead of allowing one or two to stand preëminent above the rest. By this distribution he has weakened the interest of the story, but he has worked towards a particular end, which was doubtless more important in his eyes.

If we were to characterize the plot, we should say it was an attempt to present a number of scenes illustrative of the period of George the First, with especial reference to the position of literary men, when noble patronage had left off and public patronage had not begun. This period has been marked with great accuracy by Mr. John Foster, in his excellent *Life of Goldsmith*: and we think it highly probable his book suggested to Sir E. B. Lytton the tone of the play. Hardman, a man of humble origin, who works his way upwards by political labor, and David Fallen, a poet, in the lowest of "hackism," are severally representatives of the need for perseverance, and the frequent sufferings incident to those who had nought but talent to recommend them in the early part of the last century. These and other personages are grouped about a young, good-natured, but rakish lord, who is the hero of the piece; and all are so drawn as to exhibit a good side to their character, whatever may be their failings. Thus the title, *Not so Bad as we Seem*, is made out; but we should say that this title indicates rather the ostensible than the real purpose of the piece.

The scenery and costumes were in the best taste; but we think we have seen the same body of amateurs play with more of the professional look than they did last night. The best bits were the representation of an old timid baronet, by Mr. Mark Lemon; the assumption of the character of Edmund Curll by Mr. Dickens, who plays the young lord; and the more earnest passage of Mr. John Forster, who plays the persevering Hardman.

From the Spectator.

LITERARY PATRONAGE.

DEALING with "the seedy author" question in his happiest vein of satire, Mr. Thackeray has done much to accomplish his own wish, that the miserable literary hack of George the Third's time should be hissed out of society. "The oppressed author" is "a disreputable old phantom;" and when Mr. Thackeray declares that he does not believe in patrons, his belief coincides with a social fact of our day. Authors do not win their way to celebrity or sustenance by playing the lickspittle, or haunting the halls of the great to pick up crumbs upon sufferance, like a stray dog.

But even Thackeray's wit ought not to blind us to the fact that there is some little fallacy lurking in the expression of that truth. Perhaps the want of patrons is not an unmixed good. That an author should depend upon public rather than upon private favor, is a positive advantage—to him who gets the favor; it is as much safer as it is to depend upon averages rather than upon special cases; but it is not to be denied that it also has a tendency to reduce literature to averages. The great prizes of the day will be won by those whose works hit, not the strong elemental feelings which move the bulk of mankind, still left by civilization below the book-purchasing level of means, nor the most exalted and refined taste, but human nature in that peculiar state of development, half cultivated, half narrowed, which is proper to what the dialect of the day calls the middle class. Mr. Thackeray will have no difficulty in perceiving that the highest style of satire, eminently successful though it may be, is not the *most* successful; the middle-class consumer prefers, not the highest style of portrait-painting, but that portrait of his own class which is made by one of his own class, and does not rise to too difficult a gradient above his own range of ideas.

Nay, this withdrawal of patronage unquestionably tends to suppress some kinds of literature; such especially as are too exalted, too advanced, or too artistic for the spirit of the time. Mr. Thackeray's brilliant satire must not be allowed to screen from us a truthful distinction, which used to be perceived before Wednesday last. The case of Southey and his *Church History*, so often cited, is still uncontroversial, although stale. The man of the present generation who stands highest on the slope of Parnassus could scarcely afford—such is the commercial phrase—a supply of his immortal song if he depended on the law of supply and demand. It is a matter of congratulation, not regret, that some relic of exalted patronage remains on which he may find a footing.

In another branch of art it may be conjectured that an absence of patronage prevents the existence of the highest style. If we have not great historical painting, the want of demand, commercially, for great historical works is an obvious cause for the deficiency. In a country which has produced a Shakespeare and a Milton, a Purcell, an Edmund Kean, and in painting itself a Thorburn, besides a host of men able to stamp character and form upon canvass, we are not to presume that the elements of the historical painter—the imagination, the passion, the *rhythm*, and the bodily force—are wanting. We appear to have the elements of the historical painter, but not the ground on which he can stand—not the social stratum which would call him into being. It is good to be without patronage and its servilities; not altogether so good to be without the Raphaels and Rubenses, which can find no abode in the ten-roomed houses of the middle-class régime.

In corroboration of these positions, we would call attention to that course of lectures, distinguished, as we know they will be, by criticism acute and profound, as well as by the strongest sympathy with human trouble—the course which Mr. Thackeray himself is to begin on Thursday next, and in which, reviewing "the Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," their works and lives, he must touch upon so many saddening incidents, and melancholy traits, breaking through the happy pictures of fancy and the brilliancy of wit.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURE.

We copy from the *Savannah Republican* the following letter, giving some account of an experiment in draining, made by Major STARKE, of Savannah. Our readers will be interested not only by the magnitude and result of the experiment itself, but in the polished and humorous manner in which it is related.

We have been for some time aware that Georgia is full of activity and enterprise, and that she is rapidly outstripping in wealth and population every other Southern State. With such citizens as the writer of this letter, no other result can be looked for. Examples like this have a wonderful effect; they stimulate enterprise in all the pursuits of life, and those who set them are public benefactors. The man who drained "Mobly's Pond" has done more for Georgia in that act alone than was ever accomplished by all the "stump orators" who have ever given their services ("for a consideration") to the state.

We have a high respect for the Georgian character, and have sometimes wondered at the marked difference between it and the South Carolinian. We believe this difference has arisen from the fact, however, that the leading minds in Georgia have, like Major Starke, been practising experiments for the welfare of the state, while those of South Carolina, in the mean time, have been wholly absorbed in the game of politics.—*Boston Journal*.

The subscriber has a plantation of several thousand acres, fifty miles below Augusta, on the Georgia side of the Savannah river. Nearly in the centre of this body of land is or was Mobly's Pond, a large, and in Scriven county a celebrated sheet of water, seven miles round and eight feet deep, heretofore a fruitful source of disease to the neighborhood and of revenue to the doctors. The upper half was an open plain of more than a thousand acres, where a hundred steamboats could ride in safety, and where, from any point, a bird could be distinctly seen. The lower section is covered with cypress, whose rich foliage and drooping moss, intercepting the sun's rays and overshadowing the waters, presented to the view a dismal canopy above and a horrible landscape beneath. Here millions of noxious vermin lived and flounced and died. Here the horned owl chanted his melancholy ditties. Here the white crane gathered her food, built her nest, and reared her young; and, when congregated by thousands on the branches of this magnificent tree, resembled a vast shrubbery of seringoes in bloom. The open parts were the resort of innumerable wild fowls, and were covered with countless flocks of ducks. This loquacious bird, during the long winter nights, kept up an eternal row; his carousals and jollification picnics transcended everything of record in the achievements of Venus and Bacchus, and were almost a match for the uproarious frolics of John Bull and Brother Jonathan on the anniversary birthdays of majesty and independence.

The alligator was the king beast of this pontine marsh; armed with a formidable tail and a pair of more formidable jaws, he was the terror of the women and boys and negroes. Compared to him, in bodily appearance, the orang-outang was a beauty, and the jackass lovely. His most interesting position was a recumbent posture, with his upper jaw elevated at right angles, and his teeth shining in the sun. When lying in ambush for his prey, he could flourish an eye that would shame a catamount, and a trunk the like of which never flounced in the waters of Phlegethon or Cocytus. This redoubtable animal was frequently to be seen prowling upon the banks with the agility of the hippopotamus, and floating upon the waters with the

stillness of a serpent. I strongly suspect that his reputation for manliness had its origin in the writings of the zoologist who, instead of *manipulating* him gently as a lap-dog, peeped at him through a spy-glass from a most respectful distance. Although a soldier among calves, and pigs, and lambs, his courage and ferocity are evidently overrated; it is seldom that a full-grown hog realizes the honor of being digested in his capacious maw. * * *

The terrapin could be counted by thousands, and the finest trout in Georgia were *there*. To this horde of vermin the draining of Mobly's Pond was an epoch. The fish, left by the receding waters in the weeds and grass, fell an easy prey to the vultures. The terrapin, unambitious of distinction among men, plunged into the ditch and hurried himself into the swamps of Savannah. The duck, with heavy heart, mounted into the air, and like the "skimmer of the seas," bade a final farewell to this memorable scene of his festivities. The alligator, with "melancholy steps and slow," no doubt reached some land of promise where, free from danger and the world's malice, he could enjoy in the summer his *mud hole*, and in winter his *lightwood knots*.

Having stated somewhat prolixly, and perhaps with too much levity, what Mobly's Pond *was*, I now proceed to state what Mobly's Pond *is*. Seven years ago, "solitary and alone," I undertook to drain this body of water, and, although out of pocket some \$10,000, I do not regret the result. The landed estate (pond included) cost \$50,000, and I am vain enough sometimes to think that the spade has doubled its value. Originally this pond was joint property, but, from want of concord among the proprietors, was seemingly destined to remain a nuisance to the end of time. Eventually it fell into my hands, and now, in this year of our Lord, 1849, so prolific of prodigies, and so memorable to monarchs; with a natural atmosphere full of *poison*, and a political one full of *republicanism*; with the lower "ten thousand" dying with *filth*, and the upper "ten thousand" with *fright*; with despotism standing on a *volcano*, and freedom upon a *rock*, Mobly's Pond (what a bathos!) is as dry as an ashbank, or the throat of a loafer in the honey-moon of his temperance pledge.

In the first place, I caused to be excavated a centre ditch four miles long, and on some points from sixteen to twenty feet deep, beginning at the Savannah swamp and passing entirely through the pond. Secondly, were dug spring ditches of several miles in length in all suitable places; and, lastly, parallel ditches leading from the centre to the spring drains; these lateral ditches were placed at intervals of 140 yards. The cypress part, formerly visited only by a canoe, is now easily accessible, and furnishes abundant and durable timber for building and fencing. The open uncultivated part is covered with grass averaging 4,000 pounds to the acre, palatable and nutritious to horses and other stock. Last year sixty acres yielded sixty heavy bales of cotton, and the best acres of the corn land seventy-six bushels.

This work was accomplished by Irish ditchers. Negroes, it is said, could have done it cheaper; but, governed by the maxim "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," I confined the black man to the cultivation of the staple commodities. An Irish ditcher, brought up in a locality not larger than a pigsty, with a rotten potato for his breakfast, a yoke upon his neck, and a tax-gatherer in his pocket, is to be excused if his *relish* for liberty be *keen* and his devotion to that goddess profound and sincere. * * * * * When properly schooled in a little cis-Atlantic adversity, he becomes the finest laborer in the world. The railroads he has built, the canals he has dug, the bogs he has drained, the embankments he has thrown up, the pestilence he has driven forth, bespeak the magnitude and value of his services, and furnish to his adopted country a satisfactory remuneration for his eccentricities and turbulence. If time should continue to roll

on, and the bog-trotter of Erin be laid low, history, in filling up her pages, will be compelled to admit that he wielded the *spade* with more adroitness than the *accepte*, and that his achievements as a *ditcher* immeasurably transcend all his efforts as a *politician*.

In the open uncultivated part of Mobly's Pond there are several hundred acres of peat from twelve to thirty-six inches deep, resting on a bed of blue clay; at first I had great misgivings in regard to this peat land, and thought of using it exclusively for pasture and manure. This year I planted seventy acres of it in corn. With a knife plough, similar to the blade of a coulter, I cut the land both ways every twelve inches to the depth of the cane grass roots, followed the same furrow with a bull tongue, and bursted up in every direction square blocks of peat. After being exposed to the sun and made dry, these were fired and burnt. By this means the formidable roots of the cane grass were eradicated and a coat of ashes secured. In the spring, ridges were thrown up, the corn planted, and up to this time I very much question whether in all Georgia there is a better field of grain.

Several hundred acres of this pond are appropriated to pasture. The grass in many places is breast high, and the mowers pronounce it equal to any specimens in New England. To me it is a panorama, to use a big word, transcendently beautiful. Unfortunately I do not reside on my plantation, but when I go there, (which is often,) and look around on that plain of velvet, I become dreamy and imaginative, and fancy it to be the finest meadow east of the buffalo prairies. When I behold the cattle browsing on the rank grass, and cotton and corn springing from a soil which for ages generated malaria and monsters, I enjoy the landscape with as much *gusto* as ever Archimedes did his solution of the problem of the King of Syracuse, or Sardanapalus his dinner on bullfrogs.

Independent of this, I have drained on the same premises some fifteen other ponds, all of which are productive, and one of which, embracing a hundred acres, is worth, in the opinion of some Carolina gentlemen who have visited it, two hundred dollars to the acre.

Mobly's Pond is no longer an eyesore, but Pygmalion's clay metamorphosed into a beautiful woman. It throws out its wealth from centre to circumference, yielding materials for building and fencing, pasture for cattle, hay for work-horses, and corn and cotton which would not disgrace the banks of the Mississippi.

Has your humble servant accomplished anything in the premises worthy of your time and trouble in wading through this letter? Is it not something to introduce health where previously malignant fevers prevailed? If St. Patrick became a saint for banishing snakes from Ireland, and Hercules a demi-god for cleansing the Augean stables and driving wild beasts from the mountains of Lybia, may not your humble servant take a little comfort to himself for rooting out one of the strongholds of pestilence, and converting a vast quagmire into a fruitful field?

W. W. STARKE.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.

A NEGRO LOVE-FEAST.

WHILST innumerable difficulties crowd upon the pathway of the missionary to the blacks in our "sunny south," and he is denied many of the social and religious privileges his brethren on circuits and stations enjoy, and meets with much to discourage him in his arduous and responsible work, he is not entirely destitute of seasons of enjoyment. In the wilderness through which he travels, he occasionally finds an *oasis*, where he is refreshed and invigorated, and prepared for the duties and trials that await him. In the black man's smoky cabin, beside his dying bed, he often feels that he occupies "a privileged spot,"

and stands "quite on the verge of heaven." In the love-feast, the class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, as well as the great congregation, he not unfrequently realizes the presence and blessing of God, and rejoices in witnessing the manifestations of his grace to others. The colored people, generally, are strongly attached to the peculiarities of Methodism. They love class-meeting and love-feast; and who that has attended one of their love-feasts, has not returned home with the conviction that many of them were the children of God by spiritual regeneration? Not a great while ago I attended a love-feast on one of the missions of the South Carolina Conference, where the members of the church appeared to enjoy much of the consolations of a heart-felt piety. After the usual introductory services, the members of the church were permitted to tell each other something of their Christian experience.

The first who spoke was John. He said, "I feel thankful, my preacher, dat I am preserb to see de fust Sunday in de mont. Tongue can't 'spress my feelins, when I hear de bell ring dis mornin. I tink I feel like King David, when he say, 'I was glad when dey say, let us go up to de house ob de Lord.' My preacher, I lub my Jesus. I want to lub him wid all my heart, and sarb him wid all my might. I lub all my bredren and sister, and feel determine, by de grace of God, to meet dem in heben."

Old Dick—"My preacher, I feel thankful I lib to see anoder love-feast. I been long time in de sarbis of God, and dis mornin I feel determine to go all de way to heben. Glory to God, my bredren; dere's nothin lik 'ligion! I feel de joy of deligion in my soul: God bless me on de way to dis lub-feast—and now, while talking, I feel de lub ob God burn in de altar of my heart. I want to be faitful till det—and when I'm ded an' gone, I want my bredren to know dat one more sinner have been sabs from de devil. Glory to God! I almost home."

Thomas—"Tank God, my preacher, I'm alive, and allow to meet you here to-day. I don't git along as fast as some of my bredren in de way to heben, but I feel determine to do de best I can. I know I got to die, and after dat to go to judgment; and I know if I don't sarb God in spirit and in trute while I lib in dis world, I neber can see his face in peace. Pray for me, dat God may make me a faitful man, and sabs me at last in heben."

Will (class-leader).—"Tru God's good providence, I lib to see anoder lub-feast. I feel thankful dat I am here to-day. When I was a young man, I was awaken by de preaching ob de Gospel. The Spirit of God stribe wid me day after day, and week after week, I cry and pray at home, in de field, at church, and ebery way I go, but I find no peace, till one day God help me to *trus in Jesus*. Den light shine into my soul. Den de Spirit bear witness wid my spirit, dat all my sins was pardoned, and I got berry happy, and gib glory to Jesus. Since den I try to be faitful. To-day my heart burn wib de lub of God. I beg you all to pray God to make me a usefule leader, and sabs me and my class in heben."

Nancy.—"I feel, my preacher, dat I'm not wordy to come unto de house of de Lord. But God, for Christ's sake, hab mercy on me, and pardon my sins, and gib me an ebidence ob my acceptance wib him, and I feel 'tis my duty to speak for Jesus. I aint ashamed to own my Lord. He is de friend of sinners. He lub me, and gib heself for me, and now prays for me in heben, and I aint ashamed to speak a word for Master Jesus. I don't expect to see anoder lub-feast. I'm goin down de riber berry fast—in a little time, I'll cross de bar, and den enter de ocean. I want to lib a holy 'oman. I hab put on de Gospel harness, and do weak, I'm willin. I'm a sojer in de army—and I neber wib gib up my shield, or lay down my arms, till I march up de hebenly street and ground my arms at de feet ob Jesus. (Shout from old Dick.) My preacher and my bredren, pray for old Nancy—

pray dat God will gib me grace to conquer, and den take me home to rest."

As the old woman resumed her seat, I looked round upon the congregation and saw but few who did not appear deeply moved. None doubted old Nancy's piety. She had been a faithful servant, and a consistent Christian many years. Then was sung the following:—

But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.

Joe.—"I'm glad to see and enjoy dis lub-feast. I feel dis mornin dat I lub my Jesus—and I feel determine, by de Lord's help, to follow him to de end. I know dat I am weak and helpless, and dat widout Jesus I can do noting dat is good. My bredren, when you bow at de mercy seat, cry out for your poor brudder Joe, who is trying to get to heben."

Betty.—"Tank God, I'm spared to see dis glorious Sunday mornin, and meet you all once more. I no been here for some time. I been 'flicted—had great pain of body—but Jesus been wid me, and make all my bed in my sickness. My preacher, my name is sister Betty. Sixteen years ago I was converted, and joined de church, and I hab enjoy religion eber since. I would not gib my religion for de world. My religion make me happy, and all de wicked people on de plantation can't make me unhappy. I can lub dem dat hate me, and pray for dem dat tells lies on me. I try to grow better as I grows older. I feel to-day dat I hab hold on Jesus. I hold him wid a tremblin hand, but I will not let him go. My heart feel like a bowl dat is full and runnin ober. Glory! glory! glory to Jesus foreber!"

As she sat down one of the leaders sung in a clear strong voice, the first verse of that fine hymn of Mr. C. Wesley, beginning,

How happy are they who their Saviour obey,
the whole congregation joining in the chorus,

Glory be to Jesus, &c.

Jack.—"Me is one poor African. Me born in dat koontry. Neber hear 'bout God, and Jesus, and heben, till dey bring me to dis koontry. Here missionary tell me 'bout Jesus. Jesus die to sabe poor Jack—and Jesus hear me and forgib me sins. Now me happy. Now me lub Jesus. Me can't talk better. Pray for Jack—pray God to send missionary to Africa, to tell all de people 'bout Jesus."

Others spoke, but I heard them not. The last words of old Jack had taken possession of my mind. I thought of Africa. The bones of Cox and Barton are there! They fell with "victory," on their shields. They have gone to their reward. The field of their labors has not been fully occupied, and the wants of the black man have not been fully met. Thank God! thousands of Africa's sons and daughters have received the Gospel at the hands of the southern church, and by it have been made wise unto salvation.

From the Singapore Free Press.

ADVENTURES OF A WHALER'S CREW.

A SEAMAN belonging to the late bark Eamont, of Hobart Town, has handed to us a narrative of the loss of that vessel on the coast of Japan, and of the subsequent adventures of the crew until their arrival at Batavia, some extracts from which we annex:—

On the 3d of February, 1850, the Eamont left Hobart Town, on a whaling voyage towards the north-west. On the 7th, came in sight of the island Espirito Santo. On the 8th, three of the boats went to the

shore for the purpose of trading, and on their return one of them reported having seen a white woman with the natives. Four of the boats then returned to the island, but, on inquiring for the woman, all the natives fled, except three or four. Next day an unsuccessful attempt was made to obtain intelligence respecting this woman; a quarrel resulted with the natives, who fired upon the boats, and their fire was returned, by which a native was killed. Further bloodshed ensued, but the vessel finally left the island, without ascertaining anything further respecting the woman. On the 22d of May the vessel struck on a reef on the coast of Japan, at 3 o'clock in the morning. On the 29th the Japanese came with three large prahus, and carried the crew to a village, where they were put into a house, and supplied with fish and rice. On the 2d of June they were visited by a Japanese priest. On the 3d three shocks of earthquake were felt. On the 23d a Japanese official (called in the journal "the Japan king") visited the party, and gave them some wine, cakes, and tobacco, and told them to be contented, and he would soon send them away. The captain requested that they should be allowed a yard to work in, as they were nearly blinded by the smoke; but this was refused, as was also a request to be allowed to take one of the boats to go to China for a vessel to bring away the crew. On the 29th they were removed to another house, where they were again visited by the mandarin, who gave them some wine and cakes, and promised to send a vessel to take them away. On the 24th of July three of the men made their escape, but they were pursued and brought back next day, and confined in a house by themselves, where the rest of the crew were not permitted to communicate with them, a strong guard being put over the whole. On the 11th of September two junks arrived to take them away, and the next day they embarked, having been previously furnished with some flour, which they baked in the ashes. On the 14th, the large junk, after dragging her anchor about six miles, got wrecked. One of the Englishmen tried to swim ashore with a rope, but he was obliged to let go the rope. A small boat put off from the shore, but was capsized and smashed to pieces, the sea running very high at the time. An empty keg was then found in the junk, to which a rope was made fast, and it was thrown overboard; it was driven ashore and there secured by the natives. One of the Japanese got safely on shore by means of the rope, but an Englishman trying to follow lost his hold and was drowned. The weather having moderated, all the rest of the people on board were got off. The Englishmen assisted in saving as much as they could from the wreck, and were taken to a large house, where the Japanese wished to lock them up. To this they objected, and some of the crew made their escape to the beach to look for their companion who had been drowned, but were secured and brought back. The Japanese gave them all some rum, "to try and make them happy," and they likewise made a place for the crew to work in, threatening that if they caught any outside they would all be locked up. "September 15th the Japanese king came and saw us, and gave some rum to make us quiet, and after this the men began to fight and make a row with the Japanese, and the Japanese were so much afraid of them that they went and hid themselves away, and likewise stowed their muskets and swords away. On the 25th of September one of the head men came, and gave the crew two glasses of grog apiece, and they would not give any more, and also they gave them some cakes, and likewise the chief mate asked him when we should go away, and the man said he had written a letter to the town of Hydada, and thought that he should get an answer back by Saturday." On the 22d the crew set out for Hydada: "They gave us a horse apiece, and put our luggage on another horse, and likewise they put two men to each horse, one to lead the horse and the other to see that you did not fall; and besides that, there

were about twenty to guard you, and see that you did not get away." They travelled in this way for about thirty miles, and then stopped for the night. Next morning they were mounted on fresh horses, and proceeded on their journey. After travelling about fifteen miles they halted for refreshments, and, starting again, rode about twenty miles. "when we came to a large inn, and there we stopped again, and had some fish and rice, and another glass of grog. We got here about 3 o'clock, and they told us that we should soon go again, but, instead of our going as they said, they kept us there till about 7 o'clock, when they let us, and they only kept us there till that time because we should not see their town, and when they got us there it was about 11 o'clock, and there were hundreds of women and men to see us, from all parts of the place, and, to our great surprise, when we got there they took us on board of another junk, and when we got there there was a place built with bars for us to live in, a place like a dog-kennel, and there was not room for a man to move in it; so there we remained that night." "On the 25th of September we left Hydada, and there we remained from that time in that junk till the 27th of October, and we asked them to allow us to come on deck, but they would not allow us out of the place which they had made for us poor creatures." On the 7th they arrived in the bay of Nangasakai, and next day were taken on shore. "When we got to the landing place there was hundreds of women and children to see us, but we was not allowed to speak to them, for they put us all in a kind of cage apiece, and then two men was put on, and we were carried through the town, and also even a dog which we had to work they put in one of the cages, and two men carried him. They took us to a place that they call their court-house, and there they kept us about four hours. Afterwards the interpreter

came and told us that he would soon take us to the house where we had to live, but he also told us that when we went into the court-house we must tread on an image with one foot; as we went in, there was a small image of brass that we had to tread on, and after we had done we had to go and kneel down before the king, and then he asked the captain about the wreck of the ship. After he had done with us, they took us out and gave us some fish and rice, and then they took us and put us in them cages again, and carried us about five miles through the town, and fetched us to a house built like a gaol, with large bars to look through." On the 13th of October they were taken to see the director of the Dutch factory and the captain of the Delft, the latter of whom promised to try and get permission to take them away. "During this time we have not mentioned anything about that man that was drowned in the junk. The Japanese had found him, and had put him in a large box of salt to cure him from stinking, and the Dutch had him buried decent in their burying-ground—all that was left of him, for that was not much—for the Japanese were obliged to look and find some part of him on purpose to show the king his fate, for if they had not found some part of him the king would have had some of the headsmen's heads cut off, for he would have believed that he had run away from them. I suppose the poor blacks had carried the remains of him about 2,000 miles before they fetched him to where the junk was, and then his remains was in the junk about sixteen days." On the 24th they were taken to the Dutch factory, where they found three Americans who had been kept in confinement for fifteen months. They remained at the factory until the 8th of November, when they embarked on board the Dutch ship Delft, and on the 9th left the port of Nangasakai, arriving at Batavia on the 6th of December.

From the Tribune.

THE POOR MAN'S WORDS TO JENNY LIND.

I HAVE not seen thy face, fair girl,
Nor heard thy stirring song;
Not for the poor, the joys that fill
Yon vast and silent throng.
And yet with gladdening thoughts and tears
The poor man of thy triumphs hears.

The kings and queens of earth I see
Among thy royal train;
And blessings throng thy path on land
And o'er the heaving main.
Best of earth's noblest! Large and free
The poor man's blessings follow thee.

The noblest princess thou of earth!
For thy exalted throne
Hath laid its strong foundations deep
In human hearts alone.
Earth's noble flesh and blood control;
Thy gentle sceptre sways the soul.

Since the blest Virgin Mother gave
Her "first-born Son," to be
The poor man's only comfort here
And in eternity,
His food and clothing here below,
His hope where joys eternal flow—

No woman hath more blessed the lot
Of sorrow-burdened man
Until thy world-entrancing songs
And works of love began.
That Son hath given thy minstrelsy,
That Virgin Mother smiles on thee.

Speed then thy mission, child of song!
Angel of mercy thou!
Her voice in thine is music's soul!
Her radiance lights thy brow!

Christ's lesson teach the world, "to give
More blessed is than to receive."

I sometimes tremble as I hear
On human lips thy praise;
Lest thy far-soaring wing should melt
In its oppressive rays;
Lest flattery's breath should soil thy heart,
Or bid thy peace of mind depart.

But God will shield thee, noble girl!
With misery's grateful prayer;
No poisoned dart of ill can pierce
Through that celestial air.
Prayer gives thee His all-sure defence,
The shield of his omnipotence!

I long to hear thy wondrous voice,
By nations wide enjoyed,
Denied to us, yet, angel like,
Ever for us employed!
Would give my all to hear thy song!
Thy gifts to poorer souls belong.

Yet, if while robed in flesh, thy song
Hath such a wondrous spell,
What must its tones celestial be,
Where Christ and angels dwell!
Beyond the power of mortal tongue
The strains by man redeemed sung.

God's angels guard thee safely on
Through the dark realm of Time,
And teach thee their sublimer strains
In yon immortal clime.
The poor man hopes to meet thee there,
And this the burden of his prayer:

"My God, Thy boundless blessings pour
Upon the 'Child of Song!'
All needful things while life shall last!
Her life in peace prolong!
In heaven, her crown immortal twine,
Give her a seraph's harp divine!"

A PAUPER.

From the Morning Chronicle.

GLEANINGS ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE. *

MR. BARTLETT is already favorably known to the public as a pictorial traveller in eastern countries. His "Forty Days in the Desert" and his "Glimpses of the Land of Egypt" are distinguished by a patient and unassuming diligence in the collection of materials, united with a skilful and artistic use of them in the delineation of the scenes he undertakes to describe. His present volume may be regarded in the light of a companion to his former works, the whole supplying a large body of information, conveyed in an attractive and graceful style, respecting the principal points of interest that lie scattered along the traveller's route, as he hastens to the shores of India. Gibraltar and Malta occupy, as they deserve to do, by far the largest portion of this book. With respect to the very lucid and agreeable historical notices of these places which are presented to us, Mr. Bartlett does not pretend to much originality, but frankly acknowledges his obligations to the writings of Vertot and Drinkwater. The descriptions were composed by the author on the spot, and are illustrated by a great number of admirable line engravings, which wonderfully enhance the interest and the value of the work.

Mr. Bartlett devotes a section to the discussion of the uncertain question respecting the island on which the Apostle Paul is recorded to have been shipwrecked. The doubt is here decided in favor of Malta. After giving at length the accounts of the voyage as narrated by St. Luke and the Jewish historian Josephus, the author thus concludes:—

The only real difference between the two accounts is that Josephus does not mention the stay of three months on the island of Malta. He writes as if the ship were wrecked in the open sea, and he was saved by being at once taken up into the second ship. This very great disagreement in the two narratives we must set to the account of Josephus' inaccuracy. The second ship he rightly calls a ship of Cyrene, for the Alexandrian vessel, in a favorable voyage, may have touched at that port. He adds to the apostolic history the interesting information that it was through the Jewish actor, Aliturus, that he, and, we may add, the apostle and Christianity, gained an introduction into "Caesar's household." That Josephus sailed in the same ship with Paul we may hold for certain. No Jews born in Judea had the privilege of Roman citizenship; of Jews who had that privilege the number was so small that it is not probable that two such appeals to Rome by Jews from the province of Judea should have been allowed in the reign of Nero. That two ships carrying such Hebrew appellants from Judea should have been wrecked in the Adriatic, from both of which the passengers should have been saved and landed at Puteoli, and that within the space of three years, we may pronounce impossible. So, then, the Jewish historian Josephus, when a young man, made the voyage from Caesarea to Italy with the Apostle Paul, the Evangelist Luke, and their friend Aristarchus, and for part of the way with the young Titus. He calls the apostle his friend, though worldly prudence forbade his naming him. From these fellow-travellers he must have heard the opinions of the Christians. He was able to contradict or to confirm all that they said of the founder of our religion, for he was born only eight years after the crucifixion. But Josephus, when he wrote his history and life, was a courtier, and even a traitor to his country. He wanted moral courage—he did not mean to be a martyr—and

any testimony in favor of a despised sect is not to be expected from him. The passage in his Antiquities in which Jesus is praised we may give up as a forgery of the third century; it is enough for us to remark that, after having lived for five months with Paul on the voyage from Judea to Italy, he does not write against this earnest teacher of Christianity, as either a weak, enthusiastic or crafty impostor. But he praises his piety and virtues, and boasts that he was of use in obtaining his release from prison.

The following description of the first approach to Gibraltar affords a good specimen of the style of the author:—

The rock ahead was the joyful sound that saluted us next morning as soon as we turned out of our berths. We hurried on deck; there it was, sure enough, not yet having taken off its nightcap of white sea fog—a huge, indistinct, mysterious monster—looking as it might have looked to the first Phœnician navigator, whose daring keel first broke the stillness of a sea to him unknown. As the sun rose higher, the mists gradually dispersed, and disclosed every detail of the majestic spectacle. Europe and Africa, hitherto separated by a wide extent of sea, were seen gradually approaching each other, till they almost appeared to embrace. On the right we admired the romantic shores of Spain, rising from gentle corn-covered slopes into bold brown hills swelling into purple mountains. On the African side, more dimly seen, were the rock and fortress of the Ceuta, backed by the tremendous precipices of Mons Abilya, or "Apes-hill," forming, with the rock of Gibraltar, which boldly occupied the centre of the view, the two "Pillars of Hercules," the entrance of the Strait connecting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic Ocean. This was the sight I had so often wished to see. As we approached the eastern side of the rock, connected with the Spanish shore by a low sandy isthmus, it towered above our ship in one long, unbroken precipice of 1,400 feet in height. At its foot, near its northern extremity, crouched the little village of Catalan Bay, the only one in view, with its white houses, looking as if it must inevitably be crushed some day by falling masses of rock. Running rapidly along the eastern side of the rock, we turned its southern corner along its western side, which fronts the deep bay of Gibraltar, when, Proteus-like, it assumed an appearance entirely different. Ranges of batteries rising from the sea, tier above tier, extend along its entire sea front, at the northern extremity of which is the town; every nook in the crags bristles with artillery; white barracks and gay villas, embowered in green gardens and groves, occupying the midway ascent; while above towers in rugged grandeur the summit of the rock itself. No contrast could possibly be more striking—on the one side a scene of crowded life, on the other an absolute solitude. The whole prospect is one of the most exciting description, and our first impression of Gibraltar altogether surpassed even the highly wrought anticipations we had been led to form of it.

THE RESULT OF KINDNESS.—The Jacksonville (Illinois) Journal says that when the superintendent of the asylum for the poor in that county first took charge of it, he found an insane man who had been loaded with heavy chains for years. Believing that this cruelty kept the man insane, he took the responsibility of taking them off, and gradually restoring him to liberty. The man at first raved, expecting fresh torture; then he doubted, and finally realized that he was free. He was overpowered with delight, exclaiming constantly as he looked upon the outer world of sunshine, "Oh, how beautiful!" Then gratitude to his deliverer prevailed. At length he voluntarily went to work in the garden, though he had nearly lost all his power of locomotion, and he became entirely recovered. He is now working on a farm.

* Gleanings, Pictorial and Antiquarian, on the Overland Route. By the author of "Forty Days in the Desert."—London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

MISS DIX.

We copy from the Columbia (S. C.) Telegraph an article upon Miss Dix, and gladly add our testimony to her rare disinterestedness, quiet perseverance, and comprehensive benevolence. She is a moral heroine of the highest order, and goes out boldly to encounter the most painful forms of human infirmity, armed with nothing but faith, hope and charity. What is especially admirable in Miss Dix, is that her energetic and untiring philanthropy is guided and controlled by good sense and sound judgment. Her understanding is as calm as her head is benevolent. She does not bring philanthropy into contempt by blending it with narrow prejudices, limited views and restless vanity.—*Transcript.*

We see that this distinguished philanthropist has left our state, and proceeded to Milledgeville, Georgia, whence we suppose she will make her wonted excursions to inquire into the state of the poor insane—the object which occupied her while in our state. We understand that at a later period she proposes to go to Alabama, where the friends of the unfortunate desire her presence while a bill for the establishment of a state asylum is pending.

Miss Dix has visited, in nearly every district of our state, the poor-houses and prisons, to ascertain the number of insane in them, as well as the number of those unfortunate beings bereft of reason, who are not sent to the poor-houses or to our state asylum. We believe that she is going to lay the result of her inquiries before his excellency the governor. And here we may make the passing remark, that it is surprising how many poor families there are still in our state that decline availing themselves of the liberality of our generous legislature, which has made provision for all the insane in the state unable to pay for their board and attendance in the asylum. Would it not be well if the regents of this institution were to appoint a committee from among themselves for the purpose of closely inquiring into the state of the poor insane throughout the whole of South Carolina, and by bringing home to all concerned in the matter, the tidings that the patient may and ought to be sent to our asylum, where they all find kind and rational treatment, and in many cases a permanent cure, instead of leaving them to the wretched treatment to which they necessarily must be exposed at home?

We cannot conclude this notice without expressing our admiration of this lady, who, like St. Vincent in former days, seeking the plague-stricken, has travelled over the whole breadth and length of our land to find out the condition of those most unfortunate beings who are doubly visited with poverty and insanity. Thus she travels, a single, unprotected woman, herself in a feeble state of health—spending her time and fortune and health—subject to the greatest fatigues, and many dangers—for the sole purpose of aiding those who are but too often utterly rejected by the rest of the community. Never did missionary engage in a holier cause; never did the adventurer, scientific, trading or conquering, embark in so noble an undertaking; never did any being perform his great task with greater single-mindedness, and more unassuming modesty; and never, indeed, did Providence smile more benignantly upon the labors of any mortal. For the lasting results of her undaunted and persevering endeavors are already seen in many a large asylum erected by her unceasing toil, in which she has now been engaged for more than ten years. The asylums

in Mississippi, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Canada, and other parts, are monuments to her memory, though she has invariably insisted upon their not being called by her name, which in most cases the grateful people naturally desire to do.

We said that she travels unprotected, and that she is protected by a watchful Providence, who appointed her as he appointed a Howard, and it ought not to be left unmentioned, that wherever she has tarried in this wide country, she has, as she often states, invariably met with the kindest regard at the hands of all, high or low, from the governor to the stage-driver, and from the dweller in the mansion to the humblest occupant of a hut or log house. Great as her exposures have frequently been, they have never arisen from any other cause than the elements, from road or season. May God continue to protect her! Our sincerest wishes and blessing accompany her, who in our opinion is performing a far greater task than that of Mrs. Fry. Well may she be called a heroine of pious philanthropy, of whom the revered leader of a Christian flock lately wrote with felicitous truth and simplicity:

One pain alone thy visit gives—our shame,
To live so far beneath thine own great aim.

A Treatise on Equivocation, &c. Edited by David Jardine, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at law.

The celebrated Jesuit tract on Equivocation, discovered at the time of the Gunpowder Plot in the chambers of Tresham. It is supposed never to have been printed: and it was chiefly owing to the interest excited and the facilities offered by that useful publication, *Notes and Queries*, that the manuscript was discovered in the Bodleian Library, to which it had been given by Laud. Mr. Jardine has prefixed a preface, in which he tells all that is known about the history of the book.—*Spectator.*

Quakerism; or the Story of my Life. By a Lady, who for forty years was a Member of the Society of Friends.

This volume contains the autobiography of an Irish lady who was disowned by the society, and persecuted by a Chancery suit, nominally for an occasional attendance at church, and similar trifles—in reality, as she considers, to satisfy the mortified vanity of a female preacher. The life has evident marks of truth and reality throughout, and is so far interesting, though it is of a nature too individual and common to require elaborate notice. The book contains many curious glimpses of Quaker discipline and manners, but it will scarcely answer the object of the writer in shaking Quakerism. Deficient logic, discrepancy between theory and practice, moral laxity with solemn externals, are no more than what characterizes all religions, especially with great pretensions.—*Spectator.*

The Book of English Songs; from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century. (National Illustrated Library.)

A selection of songs arranged in classes according to their topic, containing specimens of various poets from the writers of the early Tudors to our day. The choice does not seem to be determined on any principles of poetical merit or rigid adherence to the nature of a song; but the volume forms a well-varied collection. Prose introductions are prefixed to each class of songs; the opinions in them are generally sound, but the merit of Captain Morris is underrated; Morris had nature and sometimes felicity, and his best works are really songs, which cannot always be said of the productions of higher names.—*Spectator.*

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